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The American Mercury

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11 East 36th St.
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Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1954 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Protected under International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Project "PANAMED"

By Karl Hess

IN A Guatemala village recently, a Communist organizer harangued a small gathering for an hour. When he was through, one of the listeners left — unconvinced that America could be as bad as the speaker had said. The reason was waiting at home; a child who was alive thanks to an American doctor's advice.

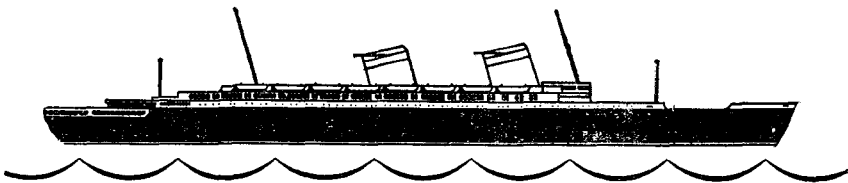
In Argentina a bitterly anti-American speech blasted out of a radio in a well-to-do home. The listeners nodded — but with some important reservations. Not long ago an American doctor had removed a disfiguring scar from the face of one of the women in the room, permitting her a normal life for the first time in ten years.

In the back land of Paraguay a small line of Indians formed before an unpretentious house. Not many of them could read. Not one had any particular interest in politics. Every single one, however, had a quiet blessing for the American doctor who had, at his own expense, taken

their doctor to America and taught him the skills he now used.

Throughout Latin America, such scenes have been becoming more commonplace over the past quarter century. In the midst of the traditional distrust of the "Colossus of the North," these scattered but persistent occurrences have been among the brightest lights in our entire Latin American relationship. Certainly they have been wonderfully unflickering. Wars, political coups, social upheaval, none of these have diminished the work of "Project Panamed," the work of the amazing Pan American Medical Association.

Panamed (the association's New York cable address) has become one of the most effective and far-reaching aid programs this country has ever undertaken. It also is one of the most quiet, with no banner headlines in North America and, in-



deed, only a scattering of one- or two-paragraph stories at all.

It received a nice letter last year from President Eisenhower, and the stamps on that letter constitute the program's cost to the government. Panamed is a strictly private, scrupulously non-political program that has in all probability made faster friends for this country than any official, tax-financed, political program ever undertaken.

Panamed's formula is simple; all it wants to do is help doctors in Latin America help themselves to greater medical knowledge. In doing this it helps *everyone* and does it, obviously, with no motive that possibly could arouse the long-standing Latin wariness about American gestures.

As an indication of Panamed's success there is the fact that no regime in Latin America, despite a quarter-century of violent shiftings, has had anything but praise and co-operation for Panamed.

On top of that is the fact that through Panamed, the very top of America's medical profession has been available to help Latin doctors and even has made a steady caravan of trips into Latin America to be of help on the spot. Every Latin doctor who visits North America has Panamed and its some 5,000 co-operating physicians at his disposal and carries Panamed's story back with him. Some 15,000 doctors in Latin America, although they pay no dues or even attend meetings, consider themselves firm members of Panamed —

and through them, the average person in Latin America can get perhaps his only consistently unbiased glimpse of America.

Now, in its broadest aid move so far, Panamed is about to cap its past work with a plan that is, in effect, a private Point Four program that packs a stronger point than many of its official counterparts.

Panamed is instituting a series of scholarships for graduate Latin American doctors through which they will be able to come to this country and get three years of the best specialized training available. The program calls for 300 of these scholarships. As it gets rolling, this will mean that 100 doctors a year will be returning to Latin America with a more forthright, unpropagandistic, and sincere appreciation of this country than possible for any diplomatically impressed traveler. In Latin America, too, these new friends of, not the American government, but America, will be in a better position to serve as symbols of friendship than could any diplomat. Politicians are inevitably suspect. Doctors, particularly in Latin America, carry with them the respect of, almost, a lay priesthood. The politicians may be feared. The doctors are loved.

This latest of Panamed's programs is by far its most ambitious, calling for the expenditure of about \$5,000 per scholarship doctor per year or some \$1,500,000 annually. Formerly some of the doctors in America have

brought young Latin doctors to this country for advanced study and have taken the \$5,000 a year out of their own pockets. The new program will call for some help — about the first Panamed ever has asked. The sources it hopes to tap are: American industries and companies doing business in Latin America (already several have offered to help); foundations interested in hemisphere relations or in medical improvement (but Panamed will not *affiliate* with any other group, preferring to avoid even the possibility of political entanglement); private donors (many of whom have supported Panamed's other work for years); and governments (but only if the funds so given are handed over without strings, to be administered only by doctors).

The selection of the doctors to receive the scholarships is another example of Panamed's extreme care to preserve its integrity in the eyes of Latin Americans and North Americans alike. Medical associations will have a voice, but one strictly balanced by the private opinions of highly respected, private physicians in the countries involved. Panamed members do not, for instance, fear the sending of a purely political appointee from any country — no matter how tightly controlled it might be. Doctors, as one member puts it, "have a way of rising above or, should I say, getting around politics."

The governments of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela,

and Argentina have expressed a desire to help foot some of Panamed's expenses in the training program.

DESPITE the impact that the program unquestionably will have on the long range friendship of the United States and all the countries of Latin America, the Panamed project scarcely caused a ripple in newspapers earlier this year when it was announced. If the government, of course, had instituted such a plan it would have been eligible for huzzahs from here to heigh ho.

In Latin America, Panamed's amazing work is always good for headlines; another proof of the association's wonderful efficacy.

Take, for example, Panamed's cruises. If a group of atomic physicists, say, agreed to charter a big ocean liner and cruise it around Europe to chat with their colleagues there, the newspapers would follow it with minute and loving care. Yet Panamed's doctor members, without fanfare or following, nine times have taken over ships and made tours of Latin America to bring the best American medical talents directly to Latin doctors. On these tours, some of the greatest names in American medicine virtually have performed dockside surgery in order to pass along latest techniques.

On the latest of these seaborne tours, last January, some 300 doctors and their wives took over the liner *Nieuw Amsterdam* and made a cruise that went from New York to Car-

acas, St. Thomas, San Juan, Ciudad Trujillo, and Havana.

Beside such outstanding medical names as that of Dr. Charles Mayo and the great nutritionist, Dr. E. V. McCollum, the Panamed tours include top specialists in every field of medicine. Most, of course, simply go as members. Sometimes, however, Panamed will seek out a doctor for a special purpose. On the last tour, for instance, Dr. Ralph G. Smith, chief of the new drug section of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, was asked along, to bring Latin doctors the very latest information on new drugs. Altogether, the doctors spent about \$50,000 on this great display of hemisphere friendship.

During the tour nearly 100 of the most advanced medical papers imaginable — some not yet published in America — were presented for Latin doctors. Where demonstration was necessary, American doctors, joined sometimes by Latin colleagues, went into operating amphitheaters and performed actual operations. One of the most effective of these demonstrations was performed by a dynamic American physician who occupies a special place in Panamed's history. He is Dr. Joseph Jordan Eller, well-known New York dermatologist, founder of Panamed's medical cruise congresses, one of the originators of the scholarship plan and, as executive director, a spark plug of Panamed activities. Panamed's president is Venezuela's be-

loved physician, specialist in obstetrics, and present Minister of Health, Dr. P. A. Gutierrez Alfaro.

Dr. Eller, however, is a good symbol of the selflessness with which so many doctors have given of their time, money, and energy to make Panamed work.

WHEN Dr. Eller joined Panamed more than 20 years ago, it was functioning mainly as a gathering of doctors to assure hospitality for visiting colleagues from Latin America. Then, as now, it was so financially informal that such matters as dues were almost a matter of whim, or at best the sole worry of local chapters. Its meetings, too, were pretty much catch-as-catch-could.

Then in the early 30's Dr. Eller suggested, almost casually, that annual meetings be conducted aboard chartered liners so that the doctors could move widely throughout Latin America. At first it seemed a big joke. Dr. Eller, one of the youngest members, possibly was felt to be way above his head. But, after Dr. Eller had made a few calls and got a steamship line to agree to a charter, 600 doctors and their families signed up, and a tradition was born. This Panamed tour, as a matter of fact, made possible just about the first ship since the depression to leave an American port with an ample passenger list, in fact, full capacity.

Later, Dr. Eller became one of the several Panamed members who started their own, personal scholar-

ship programs way ahead of the general organizational plan. Dr. Eller, for instance, brought a promising young Colombian physician to New York, and financed his studies while for three years he worked under Eller's guidance in the latter's busy private and hospital practice.

Today the doctor is Colombia's number one dermatologist and, last year, gave Dr. Eller a shining example of just how richly appreciated Panamed's work is: a giant, silver memorial plaque hammered by natives from silver from all parts of Colombia.

The revolutionary technique for scar removal that Dr. Eller demonstrated for physicians in Latin America during the most recent Panamed congress tour is an example of Panamed's interchange of medical knowledge and research. Briefly, it involves the most generally perfected system so far for removing disfiguring defects from the skin — everything from pitted acne scars to birthmarks. It uses the abrasive action of whirling stainless steel brushes. Over a short period of time this abrasive action, as used by Dr. Eller in hundreds of cases, and the healing medications required between treatments, can leave unblemished skin where formerly it might have been too unsightly for public view.

In Latin America today, many a formerly disfigured person will always remember and thank the Yan-

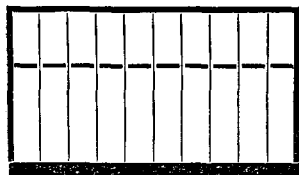
kee doctor who came off the ship to work wonders with the whirling steel brushes.

DR. ELLER is more than just a part time Panamed booster, however. In his offices space is set aside for Panamed's only permanent quarters, a tiny suite where two secretaries do the correspondence. His own long, arduous office hours are continually interspersed with detailed attention to Panamed affairs. It is this devotion of his and other Panamed members that will keep Panamed ever from falling into the hands of anyone less than dedicated.

Next, Dr. Eller hopes, Panamed will have its own journal to keep the flow of medical knowledge a constant link between the Americas, as a printed adjunct to the human links to be formed in the scholarship program.

Actually some Panamed members feel the projects they have begun, and the successes they have achieved, ultimately may have their greatest effects in the doctors' own offices. For week after week, more patients, many of them highly placed, are hearing about Panamed's prescription for friendship. And, more and more, they may come to see it as just what the doctor ordered as a perfect substitute (or even antidote) to the trend of aid from and to governments alone. For, in essence, Panamed is following one of the most basic American traditions. It is helping people.

Mr. Trefflich and His



MONKEYS

"**M**ONKEYS is the cwaziest people," the late Lew Lehr used to say. The radio and movie comic forgot about Henry Trefflich.

A blond extrovert of 46 with an extraordinary proclivity for monkeyshines — his own, Mr. Trefflich is the largest wholesale monkey and wild animal dealer in America. In less than two decades he has imported more than half a million monkeys; 41 gorillas (most of the nation's all-time gorilla census); and every type of animal from the dikdik and wombat to the reticulated python, tiger and rhinoceros. He can enter a cage of 100 leaping, screaming monkeys just arrived from India, spot one that's intractable or ailing and net it mid-air in a burlap sack. His chimpanzee talk is better than passable. Puckering out his lips, chimp-fashion, Trefflich goes "Huh! Huh! Huh!" Any but the most dull-witted chimp promptly responds likewise. Once, while they were having a bit of horseplay, I saw an oversized, retired show chimp nip

By Frederick Woltman

Henry on the shoulder. Trefflich bit him right back.

To Mr. Trefflich, whose stationery reads "Monkey Headquarters of the U.S.A.," the animal business is a whacky calling. The men who run it — the foreign dealers, importers, and the deans of the profession, the zoo directors — will heartily agree within their own tight-knit fraternity. Should a popularity contest ever be held for the zaniest one among them, Trefflich would win hands down.

This is as inevitable as it is a tribute of the highest order. Murderously competitive and fraught with hazards, the wild animal industry's a gamble. And Henry's a gambler with a flair for the dramatic and enormous acumen. He guarantees on one hour's notice to dig up anything from a hamster to an elephant. On one hurry order he located a captive manatee along the East

Coast of Florida. He can just as easily lay a finger on a quick supply of 500 rhesus monkeys in Calcutta, urgently needed for medical research. The risks are tremendous. Long and rocky ocean voyages can decimate a jungle-bred cargo. When, as has happened in the past, he sees a \$10,000 investment go down the drain, Henry launches into wails of anguish and repairs to a nearby tavern for 3 or 4 slugs of Canadian whiskey with beer chasers. He has fast recovery powers.

It was five years ago that Genevieve (Jungle Jenny) Cuprys, then 23, Trefflich's collector in the Malay States, brought back her first cargo. It was a beaut and included 35 giant pythons, aggregating a total of 425 feet at so much per foot; gibbons, baboons, tropical birds and the second orangutan — a \$5,000 item — to enter this country within a decade. At the dock Jenny mournfully reported that, during a wild storm at sea, two rare Tangolin (scaly) ant eaters, sought for 27 years, broke loose on deck and disappeared.

"My god, \$5,000 jumping overboard!" screamed Henry. His anger cooled at once. "You're terrific anyhow, Jenny. Lots of guts. A regular lady Frank Buck."

HEADQUARTERS for the Trefflich wild animal and pet enterprises is a four-story building at 228 Fulton Street, in lower Manhattan just off Broadway and not far from the financial district. To New Yorkers,

it's a landmark, a touch of jungle in the metropolis.

Through 228 Fulton pass the tens of thousands of monkeys en route to zoos, circuses and other dealers; and, for medical research, to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, Army, Navy, universities, health departments and drug houses. On one occasion "228" housed nine baby gorillas, the greatest number ever assembled outside the Belgian Congo. Apart from the large and wilder beasts, which are quartered away from the city, all Trefflich animal, reptile and bird imports stop there in transit.

But it's been the escapes that have put 228 Fulton on the map.

There was the day, for instance, when startled office workers, hastening from the Jersey ferries to Wall Street, saw a hooded crane sauntering along Courtlandt Street. Another, when a sun bear dropped into a flower shop, not, presumably, to sniff the flowers. Two red-faced Malayan apes got out another time.

Last August a Red-necked Hornbill escaped and took off for the skyscrapers of Wall Street. For three days the bird from Bangkok with the gigantic beak eluded captors and kept nearby office staffs in an uproar.

These incidents were thoroughly covered by the newspapers and added to the gaiety of the big city. Compared to the monkey breaks, however, they scarcely rated. It got so that, when a monkey escaped, friends quipped, "Oh ho! Henry's

looking for some more publicity." This Trefflich sternly denies; and with justice. His first such break came in the lean era of the early 30's when 25 fresh monks from India forced open a cage and made for the elevator shaft. It took 48 hours to lure them back. One night a rhesus managed to spring a latch on the top floor and opened the water faucet for a drink but neglected to turn it off. By morning the building was dripping wet and the health of a floorful of canaries and a couple dozen baby chimps and gorillas was imperiled.

HENRY still shudders every time he recalls a night in May, 1946, when the Trefflich show really went on the road. A handler had left a cage unlocked and 100 monkeys bolted for freedom. They blitzed the neighborhood from Broadway to the Hudson River, invading bars and barber shops, scampering up the sides of buildings and pounding on windowpanes and shinnying the brass poles in a hook and ladder company. A couple dozen scampered into Trinity Mission House during choir practice, whereupon 25 serious-faced lads dropped their hymnals and gave chase.

After a nerve-shattering week, Henry decided he was no longer appreciated at the local police precinct.

Stray monkeys kept appearing for months until Trefflich was ready to endow the Police Department

with a Missing Monkeys Bureau. By August, the last, and obviously the wildest monk of all, was reported from Callanan's food store. A box trap was baited with bananas. But each morning found the trap door sprung, the bananas gone and no monkey. This vagrant, Trefflich theorized, had simply braced itself against the side of the box and held open the trap door with a hind leg while feasting on the bait. He eventually cornered it in the cellar.

The animal business holds other vicissitudes for Trefflich, not the least being his allergy for monkeys. Close contact with them brings on violent asthmatic attacks. These he dismisses as a natural occupational hazard. To keep his allergist happy, he always promises only to dart in and out among them but never linger long. This does not work out.

Henry will probably never recover from the chagrin he once suffered when stuck with three-quarters of a ton of hippopotamus. Prospect Park Zoo had ordered a female to mate with Dodger, the sole incumbent of its hippo pen. Trefflich cabled a Nairobi trapper and in due course the hippo arrived with a \$568 freight bill. It was a male, a drug on the zoological market. "What a jerk!" Henry lamented after the initial explosion. "I forgot to specify 'female.' I can't even chop him up for sausage meat," he added, jokingly.

A crusader at heart, Trefflich once volunteered to testify for a mid-Manhattan apartment dweller arrested for keeping five monkeys as pets. The magistrate ruled them to be a public nuisance. Thereupon, Henry arose and offered to bring in a chimpanzee from outside to prove the small apes are mischievous, not vicious. "Out," shouted the magistrate. "No animals in the courtroom." Trefflich, departing in high dudgeon, sounded the tocsin for pet lovers: "Next they will be taking away your cats and dogs."

During the wartime meat shortage, Mayor La Guardia arbitrarily banned the sale of horsemeat for pets. Trefflich irately posted a sign in his show window: "La Guardia Stops the Sale of Horse Meat; Get Your Dog Food at City Hall."

WITH all its ups and downs, the business affords one consolation, says Trefflich. Animals, unlike people, can't talk back. He expands on that provocative theme in a book published recently by Appleton-Century-Croft, *They Can't Talk Back*, as told to Baynard Kenrick, the mystery writer. Chock full of animal lore, the book recommends as "a popular garden pet" the small python which is frugal, subsisting on half a dozen fat rats a month, and never bites, just nips playfully. For lap pets, Henry prefers the Texas bull snake which, he insists, often grows affectionate and comes running when called.

Henry grew into the animal business in Germany. His father, Heinrich, while a boatswain on the Hansa Line, began buying animals from natives in the Far East and bringing them back for German dealers. He finally became manager of a private zoo, or Tiergarten, on the outskirts of Hamburg. Here at the zoo Henry was born and lived for five years, later accompanying his father on collecting expeditions to India and Africa.

After starving through World War I in Germany, young Trefflich came to America where he washed dishes and cooked in local restaurants, then moved gradually into the precarious animal field. At one low ebb, when broke, he wrestled an 18-foot python in a 12-minute act at the Boston Garden, billed as "The Great Johnson." The pay was \$25 a performance but the python was kept in the ice box to cool its temper.

These days the animal trade is more business than glamor. The paper work alone involves capture permits, purchase permits, export permits, special zoo requisitions for the rarer animals, steamship invoices, veterinarians' reports and bills. A retired sea captain and his wife operate an animal compound for Trefflich in Freecown, Sierra Leone. In addition, he's within cable reach of trappers and dealers who go into the bush and negotiate directly with the natives. The principal animal centers today are Cal-

cutta, Bangkok, Singapore, Brazzaville, Leopoldville, Kenya Colony, Dakar, and Sidney, Australia.

Not long ago 228 Fulton went into a frenzy. A laboratory wanted 200 chimps in a hurry for gamma globulin, which is manufactured from chimp blood. After a year's observation, the chimps are returned, healthy as ever. With the chimp sources dwindling, Trefflich furiously began cabling his chimp contacts, shouting, "Where can I get 200 chimps at once? Meanwhile I'm bleeding to death!"

BUT to Henry, animal business means more grief and bank overdrafts. When he sees one of his smaller charges in pain, his eyes mist over. Once a chimp had to have an infected tooth pulled. While four helpers pinioned its arms, Henry yanked with a pair of pliers. The chimp bared its choppers and shrieked in rage. "*He* did it. *He* did it," yelled Henry, jumping and pointing to one of the helpers. Then he tenderly enfolded the grieving animal into his comforting arms.

In specially exuberant moments, he likes to take a favorite chimp to a neighborhood bar, either walking it by the hand or carrying it piggy-back. One afternoon he walked into John's Café with Gertrude, a handsome evacuee of the Belgian Congo with huge ears and

a slicked-back hair-do. Gertrude slowly sipped a beer, lightly hiccupping, and passed over the empty glass for a refill.

Bonzo, "the greatest chimp friend I ever had," was the bartenders' joy. Bonzo would down six whiskey hookers in a row without staggering too noticeably, and get peevish if cut off at less. After Bonzo died of pneumonia, Trefflich, in a burst of sentimentality, had the chimp mounted and installed over his desk.

Trefflich one time inserted the following classified ad in the newspapers:

Potty-broken female chimpanzee, wears clothes, eats from the table with knife and fork, rides baby stroller, gentle, loves children, \$1,000.

Joseph, a chimp from French Equatorial Africa, loved cigars. While Henry drew on a cigar, Joseph would thrust forward his own for a light, then delicately tear off the band and smoke the cigar to a butt. Whenever the glowing ash fell off, Joseph bent to the floor and puffed desperately for a relight. Lying on its back, one leg crossed over another, the chimp slowly expelled a clean, thin stream of smoke in sublime simian reverie. Henry always regretted he couldn't teach Joseph to blow rings.

"It's a lousy business," Henry says, "but sometimes a hell of a lot of fun."



Theodore  *Granik's*

AMERICAN FORUM

Should Federal Wiretapping Be Legalized?

THE BACKGROUND FACTS

"FEDERAL wiretapping is essential to help protect this country from enemy agents," say America's top law enforcement officers.

"Wiretapping is dirty business," said Mr. Justice Holmes. "It should be eliminated rather than expanded," say other opponents.

Thus rages one of the great Congressional and national debates of 1954. President Eisenhower has placed a wiretapping bill on the list of top-priority legislation which he wants enacted. Leading legislators, attorneys, and other experts on this issue have drawn sides. The initial forums of the debate have been the Senate and House of Representatives Judiciary Committees. They have

been exploring numerous pending bills which would establish authority for Federal wiretapping in national security cases. The proposed bills being considered are sponsored by legislators like Senator Alexander Wiley (R., Wis.), Representative Chauncey Reed (R., Ill.), and Representative Kenneth Keating (R., N. Y.).

Purpose of the bills is basically, with varying conditions, to make admissible in Federal courts evidence gained through wiretapping. This would end a paradox which arises from the fact that similar evidence is admissible in numerous state courts, but not in Federal tribunals.

Today, actually, Federal law does

not prohibit wiretapping as such, nor does it specifically legalize it.

The present ambiguity of the law arose out of a series of court decisions interpreting the 1934 Federal Communications Act. Section 605 of that Act provided that: "No person not being authorized by the sender shall intercept any communication and divulge or publish the existence, contents, substance, purport, effect or meaning . . . to any person." For violating this provision an individual is subject to \$10,000 fine or two years' imprisonment, or both.

In a series of subsequent decisions in 1937 and 1939, the Supreme Court applied Section 605 to wiretapping (although Congress had principally enacted the provision to prevent pirating of messages by rival communications companies). Our highest tribunal proceeded, however, to ban the use in Federal

courts not only of evidence obtained by wiretaps, but of leads obtained therefrom. As a result, the Justice Department practically gave up trying to get convictions in those cases where critical evidence had been secured through taps.

Legislation to make wiretap evidence admissible has been the subject of stormy controversy in several previous Congresses, but has never reached final enactment. In recent months, however, sensational disclosures of deadly Communist spying have accented the need for a new review of the problem.

The following are a few of the major arguments compiled from both sides in this historic debate. While, as an attorney, I caution that there are many legal phases which these arguments do not cover, I believe that they represent the kernel of both sides from a layman's point of view.

PRO: THE CASE FOR LEGALIZED WIRETAPPING

1. The life of America is today at stake in the battle against the worldwide Communist conspiracy. In a thousand treacherous ways, enemy agents in our midst can deal savage blows to America — in time of so-called "peace" or in time of war, by stealing A-Bomb and H-Bomb secrets, by smuggling in suitcase-explosives, by sabotaging industry, by infiltrating government.

The U. S. cannot cope with this danger unless it utilizes to the fullest

the latest technological means to flush out and convict enemy agents.

John Edgar Hoover, the universally esteemed Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has wisely stated that: "I dare say that the most violent critic of the FBI would urge the use of wiretapping technique if his child were kidnapped and held as a hostage. Certainly there is as great a need to utilize this technique to protect the country from those who would en-

slave us and who are engaged in treason, espionage and subversion and who, if successful, would destroy our institutions and democracy.”

2. There are reportedly a considerable number of cases involving proven espionage against the United States; these cases would have long since been presented in court, but for the fact that evidence was inadmissible because it was gained through wiretapping.

Thus, a person like the female principal in a recent espionage case who should have suffered the full penalty of law for betraying our secrets is scot-free today. Her conviction and 15-year sentence were set aside by a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals on the count of evidence inadmissibility. For the guilty to go free on such a technicality tends to make a mockery of our Federal security laws; it encourages more Soviet agents and their accomplices to commit the gravest acts against our national security.

3. Wiretapping does not actually involve any abridgment of the Constitutional rights of our citizens, such as the Fourth or Fifth Amendments. Says Deputy Attorney General William Rogers, “There is no Constitutional question involved. That was decided in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1928 in the *Olmstead* case, and has been consistently followed by the Supreme Court since that time. There is no question of the Bill of Rights or civil rights being involved. It is

simply a question of legislative policy.”

4. To legalize Federal wiretapping would be to end the strange and illogical lack of uniformity which now prevails in the law. Right now, through all sorts of contraptions, you can intercept conversations through the walls of a house or hotel; you can “pick up” conversations on the street; but you cannot tap *and divulge* the contents of telephone wires. Yet the latter may well be transmitting the very same sort of information as you might acquire through the other means.

5. There is no reason why a Federal wiretapping law cannot be carefully written in such a detailed way as to safeguard the rights of our citizens.

Senator Homer Ferguson (R., Mich.), Chairman of the Senate Majority Policy Committee, said: “A Federal wiretapping statute should be carefully restricted and contain a number of well-defined limitations for the protection of individual rights . . . it should only permit such evidence to be used in a criminal case in a Federal court, and only the FBI should be permitted to use this method and obtain evidence in this manner.”

Attorney General Herbert Brownell proposes that, in order to prevent any possible abuse and to maintain absolute security of the tap, that he alone have the power to authorize wiretaps. Others, like Congressman Keating, propose that the taps be

authorized only under specific and individual Federal court order, and that the approval of the Attorney General be obtained before any information obtained in this fashion is disclosed. One or the other of these legislative alternatives can be worked out so as to protect the public interest.

6. A great many law enforcement sources have found wiretapping indispensable. In New York State, for example, it has been found an invaluable aid in cracking down on crime and corruption. Since most police departments are seriously under-staffed for surveillance work, wiretapping has proved to be of incalculable help.

7. Right now, you can hire private wiretappers in almost any American city—detective agencies, ex-telephone company experts, etc. As a matter of fact, the Department of Justice opposes, in principle, all such unlicensed tapping. However,

the practice of private wiretapping is increasing as simpler and simpler electronic devices develop; for example, induction apparatus which now permits you to tap a wire without hooking into it or even touching it. In view of all this, why can we not at least assure the full availability of this tool to the one great official source which *does* require it for top-priority purposes—the FBI? Why tolerate a situation wherein Soviet agents can tap wires, but the FBI cannot?

We appropriate considerable sums to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and rightly so, because it has proven to be our primary protection against internal danger. Why, then, should we shackle its hands by denying it this vital tool? Why undo its good work? Why allow its most important cases to gather dust, unprosecuted? Do we or don't we want the FBI to succeed in its work?

SUMMARY

These are the 1940 words of the then Attorney General, now Supreme Court Justice, Robert H. Jackson (who certainly cannot be accused of any lack of desire to protect civil liberties):

There is no Federal statute that prohibits or punishes wiretapping alone. The only offense under the present law is to intercept any communication and divulge or publish

the same. Any person, with no risk of penalty, may tap telephone wires and eavesdrop on his competitor, employer, workmen, or others, and act upon what he hears, or make any use of it that does not involve divulging or publication . . .

The [Federal] courts do not stop people from tapping wires. No one has ever been or could be convicted of that by itself. What has been stopped is the use of the evidence to enforce the law against criminals.

In this age of the Hell-Bomb, the time is long overdue to start convicting the arch-criminals who are endangering the life of our country.

Horse-and-buggy methods will not suffice. Let's take the shackles off our own guardians so we can put the handcuffs on our enemies.

ANTI: THE CASE AGAINST WIRETAPPING

1. Without attempting to minimize the sinister Communist danger, we have to ask ourselves this question: "Are we, in the process of combatting Communism, endangering certain traditional liberties, particularly the privacy which we have held so dear?" In other words, should we, in the process of combatting totalitarianism, risk taking on some of the attributes of the very police-state we despise?

Justice Owen Roberts said, in 1937, in upsetting a smuggling conviction obtained by wiretapping:

Congress may have thought it less important that some offenders should go unwhipped of justice than that officers should resort to methods deemed inconsistent with ethical standards and destruction of personal liberty.

We do not question in the slightest the outstanding integrity or professional judgment of our Federal law enforcement officials. But the power to tap wires could conceivably some day be abused by someone for political or other purposes. Some businessmen fear it could be used by tyrannical government to oppress our free enterprise system as a whole, or to persecute individual businesses. Some labor

unions fear it could be used to bust unions. Remember, there have been a great many statutes written for one purpose which ended up being distorted for other purposes.

2. No patriotic American wants to see any enemy of our country avoid his or her just deserts. Surely, however, we can be energetic and ingenious enough to expose such enemies without adopting techniques which are subject to such abuse as to cast a cloud over the liberties of all 160 million of our citizens.

Many observers feel that the history of police powers attests to the fact that, once you give arbitrary power to authorities, it may tend to be abused.

It admittedly is bad to give any undeserved break to the guilty, but is it not worse to deny any break whatsoever to the innocent — any assurance that their private phone conversations over, for example, some public pay station in a restaurant or railroad station, are not being recorded? Isn't it a fact that criminals will tend to avoid phones, while innocent, law-abiding citizens may unsuspectingly voice their most confidential secrets over the phone (and on to the monitoring tape)?

3. It is true that the letter of the Constitution may not be directly involved; but certainly the spirit of the Constitution is involved. After all, the Constitution protects our homes from arbitrary search and seizure without a specific warrant, but a tapped line indiscriminately searches and seizes our innermost secrets, our most confidential relationships with our families, with our relatives, with our doctor, our lawyer, our clergyman, our business acquaintances. Such information incidentally lends itself to blackmail by potentially unscrupulous individuals who may be sorely tempted.

4. The fact that there is a lack of uniformity between the law on wiretapping and the absence of law on room listening devices, for example, is no justification for a further invasion of privacy; indeed, it is an argument for invoking stricter control over *all* means by which privacy has been or may be invaded. There is already far too much snooping by hidden movie cameras, super-sensitive microphones, tape recorders that fit in pockets. If we can't or won't legislate against all these electronic eyes and ears, let's at least legislate against a few.

5. If you set up so-called restrictions to limit wiretapping, you will find that the limitations will, over a short or long run, tend to fall by the wayside. If you give the authorizing power exclusively to the Attorney General, you may find him so overworked by his responsibili-

ties as to be unable to exercise sufficient care and discrimination. In any event, the power is too much to confer on any one man. If you give authorizing power to Federal judges, you give to a body of over 300 men a tremendous authority which may be applied completely disuniformly, according to the whim of the individual judge at a particular time. The very security in whose name the taps are set up may be broken inadvertently by judges or their secretaries or court clerks or stenographers.

6. New York's wiretaps have allegedly become so numerous in the opinion of many observers as to give even the most innocent citizens cause for wonder about their privacy. Of the other 47 states, 34 outlaw wiretapping altogether. Two, Louisiana and Massachusetts, permit tapping by law officers. The rest neither forbid tapping nor permit it. Wiretapping is a costly, time-consuming procedure for police departments.

7. We should prohibit all forms of wiretapping. The fact that so many private detective agencies offer — for a price — to tap wires today, and get away with it without prosecution is, itself, a disgrace. Why compound the problem by giving any sanction to it?

No patriotic American will dispute the great and vital role of the FBI. Give this power to the FBI, however, and other agencies will clamor and are already clamoring

for it — notably the intelligence agencies of the Army, Navy and Air Force. Perhaps other Federal law enforcement agencies as well will also demand this power. When will the number of agencies using

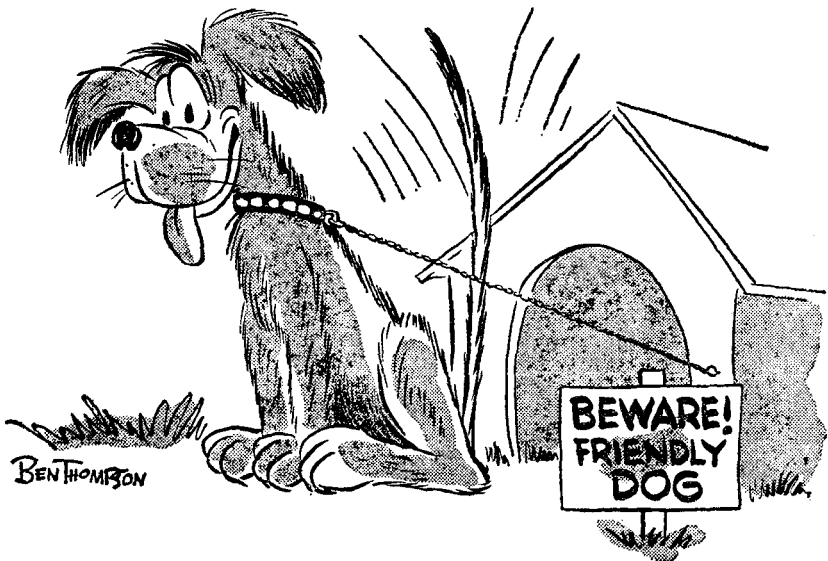
this power stop? Grant wiretapping power to cover kidnapping, espionage, sabotage, sedition and treason and, inevitably, the list of possible crimes to be covered grows longer and longer.

SUMMARY

The bulwark of a free society is the confidence of its citizens in their government, including confidence in law enforcement officers. An ever-present fear that arbitrary police methods may be used right now on your own telephone is harmful to the democratic way of life. Warned Mr. Justice Brandeis, "As a means of espionage, writs of assistance and

general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wiretapping."

We successfully fought the Second World War without changes in the wiretapping law. We can be adequate to any future emergency without resorting to this dangerous device and without more prying.





Those



Revealing Doodles

BY JERRY KLEIN

THOSE wild whirligigs you drew the other day while talking on the telephone may not have been just idle scribbles. Doodles can pack mighty meanings into a few senseless-looking scrawls.

Scientists study these apparently innocent scribbles and learn that inwardly you long to be an engineer rather than an office worker, or that you have a flair for designing boats instead of running an elevator. Even your deepest emotions can be reflected in doodles.

During an automotive strike in Detroit not long ago, representatives of labor and management filed into a conference room, the table of course being complete with pads of paper for the negotiators. One of these pads, covered with apparently meaningless pinwheels and an assortment of slinky-eyed faces, was shown to a psychiatrist after the meeting. Without being told who was responsible for the doodles or under what conditions they had been drawn, he was to interpret them.

After studying the doodles a few moments, he said their unidentified creator had been "projecting his hostilities through his pencil." The scrawls were "produced in the con-

text of a changing situation," during which the doodler sometimes had "the feeling of being overpowered and borne down," he said.

Only then was the psychiatrist told that the doodles were drawn at a negotiating session by the head of a striking union!

Even cagey Marshal Stalin gave himself away with his doodling. At a meeting in Moscow with British officials in 1941, Stalin passed the time absently scribbling. Lord Beaverbrook noticed this and took a quick look. He found that the friendly, smiling Stalin had drawn many pictures of sinister wolves, filling the background in with red!

Later, at Teheran, Stalin once again doodled the time away. A crumpled piece of paper on which he had been scribbling was retrieved from a wastebasket and given to a psychiatrist for analysis.

The psychiatrist was not told where the paper had come from, but this was his diagnosis: "The subject is a man who believes he will be murdered, and wishes to surround himself with a wall." Stalin did have a pathological fear of death, but the lofty walls of the Kremlin were unable to save him from it.

Nebraska's *Fabulous*

FISHWORM FARMER

By PEARL P. PUCKETT

MEET Pete Scheidt, of McCook, Nebraska, the one farmer in America today without a gripe, subsidy or a worry to his name, with one exception: "Doggone it!" Pete grumbles, every day of his life, "I ain't had time to go fishin' only once in two years."

Pete really didn't intend to get into the big farming business. It just caught up with him in an accidental sort of a way. All Pete asked of life was just something to tinker around with after he'd retired from the railroad in 1951. "If you would live longer and happier, get a hobby," he'd read over and over again in a hobby magazine, and so Pete was in quest of his fountain of youth and happiness — when it happened.

One spring morning a little red wriggler stuck his head out of the soft warm earth in Pete's back yard and smiled at Pete. Pete smiled back, and then it struck him like a bolt from the blue! He'd raise fish-worms!

That very morning Pete started

digging pits, then digging worms to fill them. He calculated he had close to 20,000 big red wrigglers to start with. A female worm lays 100 to 120 eggs a year, and each egg, which looks like a small brown seed, hatches five little wrigglers — so that's exactly how big business caught up with Pete.

The first year he sold more than 140,000 worms wholesale at \$4.20 per box of 12 pint cartons. Each pint contained 60 to 70 worms. And he retailed thousands of worms at 60 cents a pint, or approximately one cent per worm.

To get all the eggs possible, Pete keeps 150,000 breeder worms in boxes in his hatchery. Every six weeks they are transferred to new boxes and the eggs deposited in hatchery boxes made especially for that purpose. Pete's hatchery is a frame building on the rear of his lot, with hundreds of clean sunny south windows across the entire front of the structure. The hatchery is immaculate, and a heater is kept burn-

ing night and day for the right temperature to raise worms. Each box is watered with care and regularity. Under normal conditions maintained in the hatchery, Pete has a box of eggs hatching every 30 days, and in this way is able to select one-year-old worms for his breeding stock.

PETE has had to hire a lot of help, too, because his worm pits are a little out of the ordinary. Each pit is lined with a soft mulch of leaves, barnyard fertilizer and then alfalfa "leavings."

Last spring he started something new. He bought fifty old white enamel washing-machine tubs, something that a dealer had had to take in on trade, and intended to junk. Each tub was placed in a pit, and grape vines were planted around each pit to run arbors over the tubs. This will, as Pete says, "kill two birds with one stone": keep his worms from cooking in summer heat and produce the finest grapes known. The soil is extremely rich, and the worms act more or less as cultivators in keeping it stirred up deep down in the pits.

Not long ago a young chemical engineer from Sun Valley saw Pete's sign along Highway 6 and stopped in to find out about fishworm farming. Before he left, he bought 100,000 worms.

Pete ships worms all over America today, and he just can't keep up with the demand. In fact, it requires more than one man to count and

box them for shipment. The worms are sent parcel post. He lines waxed-paper pint cartons with peat moss, puts in his worms and adds just enough water; then punches holes in the lid so that the worms can breathe.

Counting worms for big shipments is the hardest part of the business because it is necessary to dig your hands down into the warm mulch, and the worms move very fast. Let a little light in, and they swarm over to the dark side of the box quick and slipperly.

"Takes me exactly 13 days to count out 96 boxes," Pete says, "So I bring my radio out here to make the job more pleasant."

Pete is possibly the largest fishworm farmer in the world today, as orders pour in from the 48 states and Canada. He has pits all over his yard with more than 100,000 worms per pit. Pete believes that the reason there aren't more fishworm farmers in America today is because it's squeamish business and time consuming; then too, the big resorts and fellows who love to fish would rather pay one cent apiece for their worms than stop and dig them.

Pete doesn't have to worry about subsidies, over-production, or embargoes. He quotes his own prices, and so far there hasn't been any ceiling placed on worms or worm eggs. Fishworm farming is pretty big business. It can be handled on a small acreage, and a million worms a year at approximately one cent each adds up to a five-figure income.

Professor Einstein



VS.



Citizen Einstein

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

EINSTEIN has gone too far! It is time that the old professor's pretensions to political sagacity were deflated.

When a professor counsels mass defiance of law and constituted authority to prevent the exposure of spies and saboteurs, the kindest thing to say about him is that he forfeits all respect for his political wisdom.

Last summer, Professor Einstein advised all U.S. "intellectuals" to refuse to answer questions before any Congressional committee, even at the risk of jail sentences and loss of jobs. Such advice could be inspired only by ignorance, hatred, and contempt for the security of the United States.

Recently, a witness before a duly constituted committee of the United States Senate refused to answer questions involving espionage, on the ground of the Einstein (not the Fifth) Amendment. The witness stated for the record that he had been in direct consultation with

Einstein, and that his refusal to answer questions was based on a grant of privilege derived from Einstein's advice.

In science, Albert Einstein is a genius of the ages, ranking with Copernicus, Galileo, and Isaac Newton; but this very scientific rating throws into bolder relief his political stupidity and his base ingratitude to the country that has given him asylum.

Einstein's contemptuous advice to his fellow "intellectuals" was not a momentary aberration from an otherwise honorable and sagacious course of political action. He was running true to form.

Despite the fact that Albert Einstein is a refugee from Hitler's totalitarianism, he has supported the causes of an even more ruthless totalitarianism ever since his arrival in the United States. This would seem to add up to a gross abuse of the privileges which he has been accorded by the gift of American citizenship. An obscure and impecuni-

ous immigrant to our shores, with a far less incriminating record than Einstein's, would have had his application for American citizenship rejected; but Albert Einstein obviously considers himself above the laws and not subject to the Constitution of the United States.

The Einstein record goes far to explain the "Einstein Amendment." The great refugee scientist has a vested interest in a self-imposed silence of all "intellectuals" with respect to the operations of the Communist conspiracy in the United States. He himself has been affiliated with not less than 30 Communist organizations and enterprises since his arrival in the United States.

EINSTEIN's pro-Communist affiliations, taken in their entirety, constitute an active collaboration with the enemies of the United States. His is not a case of guilt by remote or accidental association. A record similar to his would be more than enough to lead to the dismissal of any government employee as a security risk.

Let us look briefly at the Einstein record.

Last year he joined the Communist-organized agitation against the execution of the Communist spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Within the past year, he has sponsored the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, organized by and for Communists.

He joined a testimonial sponsoring

committee for W. E. DuBois when the latter was under indictment for failing to register as an agent of the international Communist conspiracy.

He went to the defense of the ten Hollywood Communists who were jailed for contempt of Congress.

In 1949, when the Communists convened an international conference at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, it was to be expected that Albert Einstein would show up as a sponsor. He did.

He has supported the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, sixteen of whose leaders were convicted of contempt of Congress, and some of whose funds went to the support of Gerhardt Eisler.

He has sponsored the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, an organization too obviously Communist to fool anybody.

He has lent his name and prestige to the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, one of the worst of all the Communist propaganda tools, and an organization which has been cited by Attorney General Brownell to answer charges before the Subversive Activities Control Board.

And so on, and so on. Anybody but an Einstein would be in hot water on the question of having his citizenship revoked, if he had been as ardent and consistent in supporting the apparatus of the Communist conspiracy. It is no wonder that the Princeton scientist counsels his fellow "intellectuals" to defy those

Congressional committees which are charged with exposing the Kremlin's plans to destroy this country and its free institutions.

How lightly Professor Einstein regards the blessings of his American citizenship is illustrated by his attitude toward the world government movement. When Garry Davis "absolutely and entirely" renounced his American citizenship (which was his birthright), Albert Einstein was one of the first to applaud his action. Was Professor Einstein's oath of allegiance to the United States nothing more than empty and meaningless verbiage?

What Einstein thinks of the American way of life is clearly set forth in his own words in an article which he wrote for the *Monthly Review* in May 1949. Here is the picture which Professor Einstein gives of America:

The economic anarchy of capitalist society as it exists today is, in my opinion, the real source of the evil. We see before us a huge community of producers the members of which are unceasingly striving to deprive each other of the fruits of their collective labor — not by force, but on the whole in faithful compliance with legally established rules.

In other words, Professor Einstein believes that he lives in a country

composed entirely of bandits, where legalized robbery is the first law of the land. Einstein's entire article is infused with a Soviet outlook. The clichés of the rabble-rousing soapbox Socialist pour from his pen as easily as his cosmic equations. His conclusion reads as follows: "I am convinced there is only *one* way to eliminate these grave evils, namely through the establishment of a socialist economy. . . . In such an economy, the means of production are owned by society itself and are utilized in a planned fashion."

The significance of Einstein's frank and public repudiation of the American way of life is increased somewhat by the auspices under which he chose to publish his commitment to socialism. The *Monthly Review* in which his article appeared is edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, both of whom are on record as pro-Communist. Their magazine is devoted to the dissemination of Soviet propaganda. In view of this fact, it would seem that Professor Einstein's article was a fitting contribution to its pages.

The American press and the American people have shown great deference to Albert Einstein. *He has not reciprocated*, and therein lies the tragedy of an otherwise remarkable intellect.

» The man who loves other countries as much as his own stands on a level with a man who loves other women as much as he loves his own wife. — *Theodore Roosevelt*



DUBLIN



BY IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

THAT “little bit of heaven” the Irish tenor sings about, the bit that fell out of the sky one day, is not just one tiny island. True, it’s Ireland, and they do call it the Emerald Isle, but there are many Irelands. There’s the rugged wilderness of the west, and the gentle loveliness of Killarney; there’s Meath of the ancient kings and the modern city of Cork.

But there is only one Dublin, and all Irishmen cherish this exuberant city with tenderness and passion. They share it with the stranger as the Irish share everything they have, for the Irish are givers, not takers, and the pride of them is in their speech, and their walk, and the openhandedness of their hospitality.

Many’s and many’s the American who’ll be seeing the Ireland of his fathers this year what with the ocean steamers dropping anchor in Cobh and the transatlantic planes winging in over Rineanna to set down at the great Shannon airport, where they welcome the traveler to the old country in Gaelic.

Dublin is straight across the countryside, eastward to the Irish Sea, and a bit north, across the counties

of Tipperary, Laoighis and Kildare. From the river Shannon in the west to the Liffey in the east is not a long haul; it is shorter by reason of the beauty of the landscape en route to Dublin.

If you would experience the full delight of a Dublin visit, steep yourself first in the beautiful book, *James Reynolds’ Ireland*, the enchanting record of a lifelong love affair between a man and his native land. If you’re lucky enough to be in Dublin when Reynolds is there, home from his travels, you may even come upon the man himself.

Likely as not he’ll be sitting at the little table they whisk out and set up for him in the window of Jammet’s Grill, in Lower Grafton Street, where the best food in Dublin is to be had. No finer storyteller lives today than this Irish-born world traveler, who has combined many talents in his multi-faceted career. A prolific and popular writer, he is also a painter of international reputation, a horseman and an authority on racing. Above all, though, he has the real Irishman’s love of, and gift for, storytelling, and he’ll spin you a yarn just for the asking.

Patrick will point him out to you in Jammet's, Patrick the waiter, who longs to be a jockey but is too tall a man by far. Alas, he'll tell you, he has to content himself watching the horses run in Phoenix Park or at Ballsbridge in Dublin Horse Show Week, in August, *the* week of the year, the time when all the Irish, every mother's son of them, come to life as at no other time.

JAMMET'S is the place where the regulars sit down and never even look at a menu. The waiters just go into the kitchen and come back with thick, juicy Kerry steaks, dripping with good, sweet Connemara butter and watch with decent pride the glazed look that comes o'er the faces of the Irish Beefeaters as they make their way through a pound and a half of steak.

Jammet's is probably the most expensive restaurant in Dublin but by United States standards it is a glorious, inexpensive reminder of the good old days, for it is possible to get an order of meat in Jammet's for 75 cents or \$1. Another favorite restaurant of Dubliners is the Bailey, on Duke Street. Its small candlelit room would be overcrowded if twenty persons sat down at once at all the available places.

The American-in-Ireland-for-his-first-visit makes for the lively Gresham Hotel on O'Connell Street, where Manager O'Sullivan caters to as many Americans as all other nationalities combined. The cultivated Irish

gentleman, up from his country acres, prefers the dignified Shelbourne, or that little jewel of a hotel, the Russell, both on St. Stephen's Green. And in the third of these truly Irish hotels, wearing their eighteenth century elegance and charm so casually, the Royal Hibernian, are Irish from all over, Americans who've been everywhere, and a fine assortment of English, Scots and Continental Europeans.

The good eating of Dublin will encourage exercise, and Dublin is a grand city to wander in, especially in the long summer twilight when the light lingers until 10 o'clock, and the soft Irish sky is like the inside of a cup holding all the gold and rosy light dipped up from the sun's last dreaming rays on the rose-red bricks of the houses of the city.

Lovers of fine architecture can have a field day in Dublin, especially in Merrion Square and on Upper Merrion Street. Here are the best examples of fine Georgian doorways extant. But in Fitzwilliam Square, "Doctors' Acres," where so many surgeons and medical men reside, in ivied Georgian houses of surpassing beauty, one comes suddenly upon the miracle of the mountains, rising behind Dublin like a velvet backdrop. They are not mountains at all, but lovely hills, the Wicklow Hills. But would the Irish be small about such beauty? Mountains they are, the Dublin mountains. Bathed in the extraordinary evening light they are magic mountains, beckoning the

tinker women home after a day of flower-selling in the city.

EVERYWHERE one goes in Dublin one is aware of the Liffey, the clear, brown bogwater river that courses through the city. It's the water that goes into making the famous Guinness stout. If you take advantage of Guinness hospitality, you'll tour their place at St. James's Gate, the ancient entrance to the outer city from the suburbs of Dublin. The tour through the world's largest brewery will take an hour and a half and be well worth the time. You may drink all you can carry — and for free — of the famous dark brew known the world over, the brew that has made the Guinness family one of the world's richest in less than 200 years.

At the end of the tour you'll come out through a gate opening on Victoria Quay, near the Watling Street Bridge. Cross it and make your way back to the Pearl Bar on Fleet Street, the rendezvous of the journalists and the literati. Here you'll be gathered into the friendly, garrulous circle, for good conversation is as easily found and admired in Dublin today as in the days of Dean Swift and George Moore, of Yeats and Synge and Joyce and Sean O'Casey. Your two cents' worth will be listened to respectfully, too.

If Ireland is "the land of the welcomes," Dublin is the city of *cead míle fáilte* — "a hundred thousand welcomes."

In Dublin Be Sure to See: the book of Kells, in the Trinity College Library, the most beautiful book in the world; the illuminated manuscript of the Four Gospels, written in the eighth century . . . the Zoo in Phoenix Park, the only place in the world where lions will breed in captivity and make a normal habit of it.

In Dublin You'll Find: handwoven Donegal tweeds, linen damask like satin, handkerchief linen as fine as spring mist, exquisite needlework from the convents and cottages . . . featherbeds and peat fires in most of the hotels during the cold weather . . . good coffee, the best in Europe . . . sports of all kinds, and horses and horse talk everywhere, all the time.

In Dublin You'll Remember: the "shawlies," those witty old women who cry out their wares at the vegetable and flower stalls in the markets, spontaneous and original in their wit and repartee . . . the rosy children clutching their flowers for Our Lady's altar in the local school . . . the hearty men with their pints of Guinness talking over the day's races . . . the crowds in the foyer between acts in the Abbey Theatre and the Gate . . . the cawing, screaming seagulls by the O'Connell Bridge over the Liffey at high tide . . . and the contented people sunning themselves in the deck chairs by the fountain in St. Stephen's Green.



THE EGG-HEAD CLUTCH ON THE FOUNDATIONS

By Harold Lord Varney

THE 1952 campaign, if it achieved nothing else, contributed the precious word "egg-head" to the American political vocabulary.

Before 1952, we knew we had "egg-heads," but without the definitive term, our picture was blurred.

Briefly stated, the "egg-head" is the educated fool of our times. He is the streamlined, super-duper product of an age when everyone goes to college but few learn to think. Because he is an A.B. (or a Ph.D.), he knows all the answers except the right one. He is stuffed with glib catchwords, with pseudo-scientific jargon — with all the half-truths of the reigning popularizers.

Politically, he is a "believer." He and his prototypes swarmed into Washington during the New Deal of Roosevelt and the Fair Deal of Truman. He was for Communism

in one of its dilute fellow-traveler forms as long as pro-Stalinism was fashionable: now he is determinedly and truculently "anti-Communist." He rejected Chiang Kai-shek as a corruptionist and eulogized the noble "agrarian democrats" of Chinese Communism at the time when the Chinese Communists could have been stopped: now that it is too late, he is vehemently anti-Peiping and pro-Formosa. He heroized Douglas MacArthur as long as the General appeared to be marching in the Roosevelt or Truman lockstep: he turned on MacArthur venomously when the General needed support to win the Korean War. His present high priest is Adlai E. Stevenson — when he is not genuflecting before Senator Lehman or Senator Humphrey. A box score on his enthusiasms reveals that he is always blat-

antly and cocksurely wrong. Even when, by sheer chance of accident, he finds himself on the right side, it invariably happens that he is right at the wrong time.

Unfortunately, we cannot dismiss the "egg-head" as innocuous just because he is a patsy. "Egg-head" influence sprawls out over a formidable area of our national life. The "egg-head" is in the newspapers and magazines, radio, TV and movie studios, the publishing houses, the advertising agencies, the academic chairs, the pulpits, civil service, the trade associations. It is the peculiar gift of the "egg-head" to be at the head of the line, wagging his degrees before him, whenever cushy and imposing jobs in the public opinion field are being given out. Once he has the job, he holds it with bull-dog grip.

ONE AREA in which the "egg-head" reigns almost supreme is the tax-free foundation, particularly the foundation which concerns itself with the so-called social sciences. The "egg-head" clutch is primarily responsible for the incredible waste motion which is the hallmark of these multi-million-dollar-endowed agencies. Much has been written about the direct hand of pro-Communists in the notorious boners of the foundations. Not so much has been said about the plain stupidity of the foundation big brass which has permitted these miscues. Glaring instances are the Carnegie, the

Rockefeller and the Ford Foundations.

Two successive Congressional committees have been appointed to review the sorry record of the great foundations in the social studies field. (Little or no criticism has arisen over the concededly admirable work which foundations have done in the fields of medical research and scientific studies.) One of these committees is still in the process of fact-finding. The first committee held its hearings and published its report in 1952.

A perusal of statements made before this committee by top-flight foundation executives reveals an almost unbelievable naïveté on Communist issues. Only intellectual sleep-walkers could have made the indefensible grants to pro-Soviet agencies and individuals that are revealed in the cold type of the committee hearings.

Take the crowning example of foundation stupidity—the Institute of Pacific Relations.

The IPR won a permanent page in the book of infamy when the Senate Committee on the Judiciary on July 2, 1952, declared officially that "the effective leadership of the IPR used IPR prestige to promote the interests of the Soviet Union in the United States" and that "a group of persons associated with the IPR attempted, between 1941 and 1945, to change United States policy so as to accommodate Communist ends and to set the stage for a major

United States policy change, favorable to Soviet interests, in 1945." And yet, by the admission of the heads of both the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Foundation, the lavish budget of the IPR, which enabled it to carry on this subversive work, was supplied almost entirely by the grants of these two sacrosanct foundations.

Dean Rusk, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, revealed that his organization actually subsidized the IPR to the tune of \$1,885,359 between the years 1926 and 1950. Including the related agencies, the total Rockefeller IPR underwriting was \$2,167,453. Even after all the damning facts about the IPR China treachery were on public record, the Foundation in June, 1950, tried to keep the malodorous outfit alive by appropriating a further \$85,000.

THE Carnegie Foundation bloomer on the IPR was just as bad. Charles Dollard, president, revealed that his organization had heavily subsidized the IPR between 1933 and 1947. In addition, Joseph E. Johnson, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, reported IPR grants of \$182,000 between 1926 and 1939.

The foundation brass tried to explain away their blindness by citing the big names which had been on the IPR masthead and by arguing that the documented truth about IPR was not available to them until the

McCarran committee dredged it up in 1952. The feebleness of this alibi was shown when it was brought out that the highly respected Alfred Kohlberg, as early as 1944, had made an exhaustive study of Communist infiltration and control of the IPR secretariat, complete with names and dates. All these Kohlberg facts were before the Rockefeller and the Carnegie executives after 1944. They chose to ignore them and, in the case of Rockefeller, to continue pouring foundation money into the IPR coffers in the years of its most poisonous operations. It is not easy to respect the intelligence, or even ordinary horse sense, of money disbursers who show themselves so stolidly uncomprehending.

Not only did the IPR put the bite on the foundations for these huge sums as an organization, individual IPR Leftists also did a land-office business with the same foundations for the financing of a long list of private projects and boondoggles. The foundation "egg-heads" were thus taken twice by the same crowd.

Thus Owen Lattimore, kingpin of the IPR Leftist ring, extracted two grants from the Carnegie Foundation (\$12,000 in 1947 and \$75,000 in 1949) for his Walter Hines Page School of International Relations. The Page School has since been closed by Johns Hopkins University.

Lawrence K. Rosinger, who pled the Fifth Amendment when asked by the McCarran committee about

his Communist Party activities, received from the Social Science Research Council of the Carnegie body an area study fellowship for the Far East. Rosinger also nicked the Rockefeller Foundation for three successive grants, the latest for India study in 1950.

John K. Fairbank, whom the State Department distrusted so much that, for a time, it held up his passport, received a Carnegie Foundation grant for Far East study in 1951, and two Rockefeller grants (in 1945 and 1950) for research and book preparation.

Dirk Bodde, who voluntarily remained in Peiping after the Communist conquest in 1949 to write a book heavy with pro-Chinese Communist overtones, received a Carnegie grant to write another Far East book.

THOMAS A. BISSON, whose record includes editorship of a Communist Party-sponsored magazine and a public address, in the company of Earl Browder, at a Communist Party rally, received a Carnegie Foundation grant, through the California Institute of Asiatic Studies, for a study of Japan. In addition, he received a \$3,300 Rockefeller Foundation grant in 1949 for the preparation of a book on the Deconcentration Program in Japan. Bisson is notorious as the author of the first IPR smear report on Nationalist China, issued in 1943.

George E. Taylor, who has since

broken with Lattimore, received a Carnegie grant to finance the Far Eastern Institute of the University of Washington, which he headed.

Maxwell S. Stewart, with 52 citations by government bodies for Communist-front participations, received \$1,400 from the Carnegie Foundation for a United Nations study.

Robert W. Barnett, cited repeatedly as a State Department security risk, was the recipient of several Rockefeller Foundation grants for China research.

The list could be multiplied.

An incident which, while it involved only \$7,500, illustrated pointedly the foundation bureaucrats, almost incredible babe-in-the-woods mentality in regard to China was the April, 1948, award of the Rockefeller Foundation to the China Aid Council, for the Chinese Welfare Fund of Shanghai. We must keep in mind the date to understand the real folly of this grant. In April, 1948, Nationalist China was crumbling all down the line, and it was plain that Shanghai and Central China might soon fall to the Communists.

The Chinese Welfare Fund in Shanghai, as everyone knew in China at the time, was a Communist Fifth Column outfit which Madame Sun Yat-sen, now a member of Mao Tse-tung's government in Peiping, then headed. At the time, the Nationalist Government was trying desperately to feed and house 20,000,000 desti-

tute refugees from the Communist-conquered areas. Under Madame Chiang Kai-shek's supervision, make-shift refugee camps were precariously maintained in all Nationalist Chinese cities. The need for funds for those camps was acute. And yet, the Rockefeller Foundation, with \$7,500 to give to welfare in China, chose to spend it through Madame Sun Yat-sen's Communist spy-nest, instead of through any of the agencies of the Nationalist Government. A little inquiry on the part of the Foundation would have disclosed that the New York secretary of the China Aid Council at the time was Mildred Price, a member of the Communist Party.

THE painful point of all these instances is their show-up of the limited social intelligence of the foundation men who had the disbursement of these huge sums of money. Dean Rusk, who, in fairness, it must be stated, did not join the Rockefeller Foundation until 1952, can argue until he is blue in the face, but all his excuses cannot explain away the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation underwrote the IPR for 24 years, including the whole period of the reign of Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Owen Lattimore. If the social understanding of the Foundation executives is so dense that they had no comprehension of what was going on in the IPR during those years, then they certainly are not fit to have the spending of the

\$321,000,000 which is in the Foundation strong boxes.

A brief recall of the circumstances which led to the engagement of Alger Hiss as president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in 1947 will throw further light upon the incredible inefficiency of foundation administration under its present "egg-head" rule. The offending individual in this instance was John Foster Dulles, then chairman of the Endowment. But Dulles, an habitually time-pressed man, could not have made this ineffable blunder if he had not been badly advised by his "egg-head" subordinates in the Endowment permanent secretariat, and by their prototypes in the State Department.

It must be remembered that all these events had occurred before Hiss was appointed:

(1) In 1939, Whittaker Chambers revealed to Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle that Hiss had been a member of a Washington Soviet spy ring, and this information was brought directly to President Roosevelt by Berle.

(2) In 1939, French Prime Minister Deladier told Ambassador William C. Bullitt that he had information that Hiss, then in the State Department, was a Soviet agent.

(3) In 1941, Chambers again gave information on Hiss to the FBI.

(4) In 1941, Martin Dies, Chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities, sent to Attorney General Biddle a list of over

1,000 names of Communists and Communist frontiers who were holding Federal jobs. Alger Hiss's name was on the list.

(5) In 1946, Igor Gouzenko, in Canada, revealed that the Kremlin had a plant in a high post in the State Department, obviously Hiss.

Had the twenty-seven Carnegie Endowment trustees exercised ordinary alertness, all these rumors about Hiss would have been thoroughly sifted before he was offered the \$20,000-a-year presidency. Instead, they gave him the job in incredible unawareness of information known by hundreds of important people in Washington and New York.

Listen to the eminent John W. Davis, Endowment trustee, testifying before the 1952 committee:

MR. DAVIS:

All the reports we had from every quarter about Mr. Hiss were entirely favorable. . . . We did not, as I recall, have any documentary search.

MR. KEELE (counsel of the committee):

In other words there was no objection from anyone to Hiss's nomination and election as president, prior to his taking office?

MR. DAVIS:

None whatever to my knowledge.

Even after Hiss had been publicly exposed and trapped in perjury by Richard T. Nixon, the Endowment took no disciplinary action but kept him on as president, on a granted absence leave. Hiss received

\$7,888.90 from the Endowment after his exposure.

ANOTHER appalling illustration of the disposition of the great foundations to get on the wrong side of social issues has been given by the Ford Foundation.

With no apparent understanding of the deeper power issues involved, the Ford wise men blundered heavy-footed into the civil liberties controversy by setting up a \$15,000,000 "Fund for the Republic." At its head it placed Representative Clarence P. Case, who has the inglorious distinction of being one of the few Republicans in the House who has voted against the Committee on Un-American Activities.

Had the Ford pundits had any political savvy they would have known that civil liberties is one of the great phonies of American politics. That under its high-flown phrases, pro-Communists, muddled liberals and designing pressure groupists scheme constantly to maintain a Left Wing balance of power in America. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of what it is all about would have avoided the civil liberties deadfall as he would a time bomb.

The five announced fields of inquiry of the Fund reveal plainly that it is entering the lists as a slanted supporter of the so-called civil liberties side. Fifteen million dollars of Ford money is going to be poured into the pockets of profes-

sors, writers, researchers and Fund “egg-heads” to swing the American people over to the anti-McCarthy and the pro-American Civil Liberties Union side in the present national battle of ideas.

It is highly significant that the trained seals of the Left Wing press and magazines, who are so alert to smear and denounce other “capitalist” institutions, seldom if ever have a word of criticism of the trinity of Carnegie, Rockefeller and Ford. Apparently the great foundation policies are quite acceptable to the Left. But when a new foundation comes along which is intelligent enough to sidestep the traps of the radical brethren, the vituperation is deafening.

A case in point is the Facts Forum Foundation, primarily supported by Mr. H. L. Hunt, which has recently been subjected to an almost obscene tempest of abuse in the *Daily Worker*, the *New York Post*, the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Reporter*.

NO TRUE assessment of the prevailing climate of opinion in America can be made which disregards the immense and pervasive influence upon public thought of these irresponsible and privileged foundations. Working as they do through the channels of education and educators, they color the thinking of the nation in incalculable ways.

Foundations can fill a real gap in

our social life when they restrict themselves to socially useful programs in the physical sciences or in basic human welfare. One has only to recall the superb work in these fields of such endowments as the Markle Foundation, the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, the Donner Foundation, the American Cancer Society, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, or the Rockefeller Foundation subsidiaries (the International Health Board and the Institute of Medical Research) to visualize the foundation at its best.

It is only when the foundations begin to mess around with the so-called social sciences that their influence becomes mischievous and even baleful. The social sciences are the citadel of the “egg-heads.” Once the foundation millions begin to flow into these fields, queer specimens with queer ideas begin to come out from under the academic logs, and qualify for grants and fellowships and sinecures. The Left Wing boys constitute the largest segment of this zany band.

The tragedy of the situation is that, under our present tax set-up, the movement of private money into these sterilized pools of tax-free wealth has become an increasing stream. The foundation has become a shaping factor in present-day American life. Unless we tame it and direct it to socially useful and sound objectives, it may become our national master.

BY BLANCHE HOLLAND

May I Take Your Coat, Please?



WHEN you throw down a quarter for checking your coat and hat, you probably know the girl doesn't get it — it goes to the concessionaire. But what you may not know is that, because of long hours with low salaries, possibly ninety-nine girls out of a hundred fight back by withholding part of the "take." Yet from every man comes the same opinion: "I give the tip to the girl. Why shouldn't she be able to keep it?" Some even ask, "Why isn't there a law to that effect?"

I have been a hat-check girl for the past decade, and in this capacity I have been employed by most of New York's biggest concessionaires. It is my belief that the only time girls will be able to keep *all* tips is when the owners of establishments that have checkroom facilities either rent them exclusively to the feminine sex, or else pay them a salary comparable to that of a waitress or hairdresser. And, as in those professions, the girls should be permitted to pocket the gratuities that the patron intends them to have. But how do women, even if they have

the necessary capital, compete with — and try to eliminate — the male concessionaire?

In October, the beginning of the coatroom season, I attempted to obtain my own concession by running several ads in the Sunday newspapers. My efforts were answered by two legitimate offers — both from honky-tonk cabarets with bad reputations. Next, an insurance company tried to sell me the idea that I might be a good agent. Then, someone who sounded drunk offered to take me dancing. Last, a man who claimed he was an artist wanted my measurements. That was enough for me. The following day I went to work for a concessionaire.

Although the movies portray the "hatchicks" as beauties in scanty apparel, in real life they are different. The typical girl is usually the same type you see in most offices and department stores. She wears simple dark dresses with white collars. Rarely are they chosen for looks; charm and personality are more important. For, after all,

those qualities are what entice men to tip beyond the service's worth. Only in very swank places are beauty of face and form essential. Often those girls wear decorative uniforms — without pockets.

Many impressionable youngsters seek hat-check positions because they assume that they will have more social engagements than they can handle, eat on the premises, and stagger home with a bag of coins. Actually, hat-check girls, if unmarried, go out after work with their co-workers — waiters, bartenders, and musicians. From experience they know that most of the customers who try to date them are either married men, out-of-towners, or just playboys on the loose. As for food, if the girl works for a concessionaire, *she does not get her meals unless she pays for them*. In hotels and night-clubs there is no discount; some restaurants allow a 30% reduction. Yet, even then, the prices are too high for the girls.

VIRTUALLY all concessionaires pay their help \$40 for a six-day week; there is no overtime pay although the evening may be ten hours long, with no time out for dinner. To complain to the Labor Department will merely cause her boss to retaliate by dismissing her. Of course in some large hotels the girls do get to go out for dinner, for the salary is paid strictly on time basis — seventy-five cents an hour. However, under the union, the

Hotel Front Service, conditions are somewhat better. The starting salary is \$41 for a forty-hour week, with overtime benefits, reliefs, and double-paid holidays. Yet it is interesting to note that out of New York's 2,245 hat-check girls only 400 are union members. This small percentage is not attributable to the \$20 initiation fee and the \$3.25 a month dues. The reason is this: the majority of checkroom owners will not hire union attendants because they will not grant a forty-hour week and overtime.

Inadequate salaries, long hours on calloused feet, and the necessity of humoring drunks and smart-alecks are just a few minor woes of the checking business; but the girl who works the "dawn shift" has the biggest disadvantage of all. Muggers always on the prowl render the streets unsafe for the unescorted female. Taxis run into money; the concessionaire doesn't pay for them, not unless the girl is able to induce him to — unknowingly.

Sometimes concessionaires work inside the checkrooms to keep an eye on the girls. Take Mr. Z; he's had the concession in a large Times Square restaurant for seventeen years. On Saturday nights he stands around watching. He never admits business is good. In fact, he sings a perpetual blues theme. Whenever a man is checking out and doesn't put his hand to his wallet fast enough, Mr. Z chants, "Take care of the girls! Take care of the girls!" Al-

though it is not the patron's intention to do so, he is "taking care of the boss." The girls can take care of themselves only when Mr. Z isn't around.

Hat-check girls in the rowdy cabarets can and do demand larger gratuities when dissatisfied. But those in the better eating establishments must be more diplomatic; they can't insult the guests if they want to keep their jobs. If they get a nickel tip, and it does happen occasionally, they philosophically hope the next comer will make up the deficit. Some girls, however, extend the palm of their hand with the offending coin on it, and then look incredulously up at the man's face. In most cases, he immediately says, "I beg your pardon. I thought I gave you a quarter." Then, an exchange is hastily transacted.

Psychological methods, such as the ability to say the right thing, courtesy, and some fast comebacks for the pranksters, all aid the girls in bagging larger tips. For instance, when the over-six-footer quips, "I'll let you help me on with my coat if you have a stepladder," the hat-check girl might answer, "I like to hold coats for tall men. It gives me a chance to have a good stretch for myself." An astute girl when asking for your coat will never use the word "check" for she knows that "money" flashes into your mind. She will say, "May I take your coat, please?"

Any adult can become a conces-

sionaire if he's willing to pay the rent that the proprietor demands. If the terms are agreeable, all he has to do is pay \$10 to a bonding company and \$10 for a license. Then he hires help and he's now a member of one of the best rackets in the United States. However, most times the owner's asking price is too high and has to be beaten down. And new premises are always a gamble.

One checkroom concession that keeps the concessionaire happy is located in the Waldorf-Astoria. The rent, \$90,000 a year, may seem excessive for a hotel, but not when you consider that during the winter months, from the ballroom checkroom alone, 10,000 to 20,000 coats a week are handled. Besides there are a dozen checkrooms in other parts of the building.

MANY A concessionaire suspects his employees of dishonesty. For that reason, if he has many checkrooms, he hires assistants to drop in on the girls at unexpected times, in order to try to catch them at "concealing" tricks. In each checkroom, one girl "in-charge" is responsible for the "bank." This metal box is always covered by a paper jacket with just a money slit opening; the jacket precludes the possibility of a key's being made to fit the lock.

In the event that checkroom receipts go down, and the weather or holidays can't be blamed, the concessionaire will check with the headwaiter or manager as to the cause.

If he is told that business is normal, he will send one of his assistants to work in that particular checkroom for a few days. The arrival of an assistant tells the girls what is brewing in the concessionaire's mind; they know that they will either be transferred or fired. Since checkroom jobs pay poorly, these jobs are easy to find; therefore, many girls merely switch bosses.

Many men who know the small salaries that hat-checkers earn have their own methods of lessening the concessionaires' acquisitions. In one hotel dining-room, a steady guest prefers to give the girl a box of candy every week in lieu of a tip. At least then he's sure she gets it. In New York, some men give the girls carfare by tipping them with subway tokens. Another man always leaves thirty-five cents wherever he goes. He tells the girls: "Twenty-five cents is for you; ten cents is plenty for the boss."

Yet, even though hat-check girls do deceive the boss when they can, they are honest when valuables are left overnight, and go to great lengths to return fur coats and other costly things forgotten by their owners.

In the nightclubs, the concessionaire's staff is large. Besides the hat-checkers, there are cigarette girls, camera girls, flower girls, novelty girls, washroom attendants, car parkers, and darkroom developers. Among all these, the only ones who keep their tips are the camera girls,

who do very well. Flower and novelty hawkers get 10% commission on their sales; the others work on straight salary.

In two of the busiest restaurants in a train station, the girls receive a salary of \$5.50 a day. One girl who has been there for two and a half years has never had a vacation. These conditions in a cosmopolitan city like New York seem incredible. Naturally, a girl cannot live and clothe herself properly on such a salary in these times. An employer such as this concessionaire forces the girls to cheat.

Any hat-check girl, if you ask her, will sew buttons on your coat, mend the lining, give you directions, deliver messages, and call you to the 'phone. If the dining-room is crowded, she will help you find a table, and even tell you what's good to eat — albeit she doesn't partake of the food herself.

IN 1953, there were 2,250 hat-check licenses issued in New York. But out of 1,370 concessionaires only one-tenth were women. Naturally every girl, if she had the opportunity, would rather have her own concession than be under the constant fear of dismissal.

Since concessions for girls are so difficult to get, shouldn't owners of respectable eating and drinking establishments insert clauses in coat-room contracts to force the concessionaire to give his employees a decent living wage?



The Price of Independence

BY HARRY BOTSFORD



THE MOST fiercely independent man I ever knew was Frank Groner, a one-legged woodchopper in the Pennsylvania oil fields.

He lived alone in a small shack in a grove of tall pines, on a dirt side road between Pleasantville and Neiltown. The shack was weatherproof, the grounds around it were neatly policed, the windows were crystal clear from repeated washings. There was a small, carefully cultivated vegetable garden.

He was a woodchopper, not from choice, but largely because it was one of the few forms of work possible for a man who had to wear a heavy wooden peg-leg, fastened to his body by broad heavy straps. He was good at his trade and there was usually a demand for his services.

His daily wage, when he worked, was never more than \$2, the going price for two cords of boiler wood, neatly piled. Two cords of wood were considered a good day's work for a man. But, in those days, a dollar would buy considerable salt pork,

beans and other simple staples. He thought his wage good — especially for a man with only one leg.

When he knew me well enough, he told me the story of the missing leg. He had been a logger, a strong and agile man, commanding top wages. In trying to break a log jam on Hickory Creek, he slipped between seething masses of logs and the leg was crushed and had to be amputated. He said, with a frosty twinkle in his blue eyes, that the logging company had been very nice to him. The accident happened early in the day and they generously paid him for a full day's work.

His independence was almost a rural legend. He accepted no favors from anyone. When there was no wood to be chopped, he would hire out to help some of the local farmers he tolerated. His skill at farm work wasn't too great, but he put muscle into every phase of it. When dinner was ready, he scrubbed his hands and face, sat down at the table and ate quietly and heartily. When the meal was over, he would ceremoni-

ously place a quarter beside his plate in payment for the meal. A free meal was something the stubborn old German would not accept.

In the woods it was a joy to see him work. He was a powerful man and he swung his ax with great skill and effectiveness. On a cross-cut saw he had no equal. The trees were cut close to the ground, the heavy trunk lengths were split precisely and each cord of wood had perfect alignment. The brush was in tidy heaps. He cleared roads into the wood piles that were straight and as smooth as possible, making it easy for the teamsters to drive their wagons close for loading. Men who knew the woods and the curious art of woodchopping said that no one could do a job as well as Frank Groner.

I was in my teens and he rather liked me. I enjoyed talking with him in the woods, or in his little ship-shape house. I hunted a lot in those days, game was plentiful and my luck was extraordinarily good. Often I would stop at the little shack and leave a pair of grouse or a fat rabbit hung on the door knob. It was a year before he found out who did it. He thanked me gruffly, almost reluctantly.

HE MADE but few friends. I think he was afraid of friends, fearing that if he made any it would impinge on his rugged independence. Yet, at heart, under the brusque exterior, he was a surprisingly gentle soul.

I've watched him in the woods when he didn't know I was hunting in that area. Sitting down on a fallen tree, he would wolf down his bread and boiled salt pork and gulp his cold coffee. He would save a small piece of bread, then whistle very softly. Soon a blue jay or a chickadee would flutter out of nowhere, settle down on the big hand and eat the bread.

I went away for several years. In that period, the demand for boiler wood dropped off drastically. The woodcutter faced hard times.

During a long, hard and bitterly cold winter, someone noticed that no one had seen Frank Groner for a couple of weeks. A thin thread of smoke climbed from the chimney, but there were no tracks in the snow around the shack. Inside, they found Frank Groner, a very sick old man who glared balefully at the intruders. Not only was he sick; he was starving.

A doctor and an ambulance came. Later, at the county hospital, the old man swore guttural German oaths at the nurse, who calmly bathed the wasted body. It was the crowning indignity, and bitter tears coursed down his unshaven cheeks.

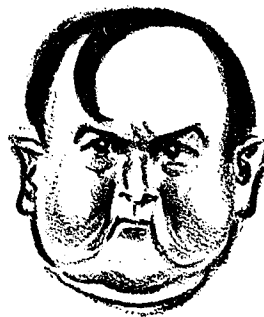
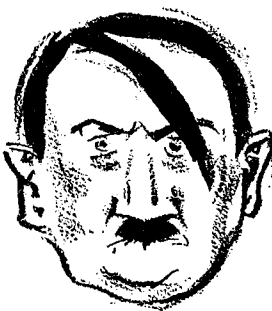
That night, when the lights were turned out, he hobbled out of his cot, fastened the broad leather belt around his neck, climbed up on a chair, fastened the other end around a steam pipe, resolutely kicked the chair away.

To him, life without independence was not worth living.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



The Symbols and Haircuts
of Tyranny Change-The Heart,
Never.



C. D. Batchelor

Freedom Under God

BY DOCTOR JAMES W. FIFIELD

MINISTER

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES



MUCH confusion has developed around the word "freedom" in America. One wonders if a considerable part of the confusion has not been carefully designed and promoted by those who seek to destroy freedom. Evil individuals and organizations have appropriated the term "freedom" as a banner behind which they conceal their evil purposes. Many fine citizens are attracted to the banner but, failing to look behind it, do not realize they are being duped and used against the very freedom which they seek to further.

Having seen freedom destroyed in other countries, I am perfectly sure it is important to clear the confusion in our country so that those who really want freedom under God can help save it. German professors assisted Hitler in his rise. German

industrialists under Schacht financed him. Even pastors of churches, who in their hearts were devoted to freedom, exhorted their followers to "Heil Hitler." They proclaimed that the paperhanger was going to give them greater freedom than they had ever known, but at that very moment, Hitler was destroying their freedom. The German people were



among the most intelligent in the world. If they could be hoodwinked, it may be too much to hope that enough people in America can become sufficiently aroused and sufficiently clear-visioned to save our way of life.

How shall we clear up our fuzzy thinking? How shall we make a realistic appraisal of the columnists we read, the commentators we listen to, and the other influences which tend to do our thinking for us? What shall we do to regain our moral and spiritual altitude in America — to regain the respect and confidence of other nations? Assuredly the one resource which we have and which our enemy lacks is the moral and spiritual resource. We have less of that now than formerly. Is not, then, our first problem to regain it?

President Eisenhower has made an earnest and sincere confession of his faith and practices faithfully the arts of worship and of prayer. It is a great thing to have Cabinet meetings opened with prayer, and to have department meetings such as those of Secretary Benson opened the same way. But prayer is not enough. The man who prayed for heat froze to death — he should have built a fire. The stakes involved in the present world controversy are too great to wait for God to save us — we must help Him. We cannot wait for President Eisenhower and his associates to save us — we must help them. We must make them feel that the majority of the citizenry want

our way of life to be saved and will make any sacrifice required for saving it.

According to Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen and others whom I know in Washington, they are constantly hearing from the Left, but they hear little from the Right. The stake in this struggle is not just control of the United States, but control of the world. The Communists need to win only once. They don't need to get re-elected. They play for keeps. The fact that certain officials in the Government may be doing the best they can does not suffice if they are not doing well enough to save the republic. Excuses are unavailing when destiny is at stake.

WE CANNOT expect God's help in saving our civilization unless we fulfill his conditions. The power of God is the only presently known power greater than atomic power. It can be brought to bear upon the issues of our confused and frustrated civilization if the conditions laid down therefor are met — otherwise, no.

Our founding fathers recognized that there is a moral law which inheres in the nature of the universe. They knew it could not be broken — only they might break themselves against it. They believed God had created man and set the world as a stage for the game of life, and that God had decreed rules for playing the game. They found the rules in

the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes. They knew that "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap," and the same applies to a nation or to a civilization. It is not strange, therefore, that the Pilgrims put their church at the center of the village green and the altar at the center of their lives.

In more recent years, we have substantially abandoned the moral law. Instead of inquiring whether a thing is right or wrong, we have wondered whether it is Right or Left. Presently, we are not able to withstand the outward pressures because we lack adequate inner resources.

America's position in world leadership is a great privilege, but also a great responsibility in which America has thus far tragically failed by reason of its failure to give moral and spiritual leadership — which is what the other nations really need and want.

People in America who live in an ivory tower, who think "it can't happen here," and who feel that all of the other nations admire or even respect America are simply stupid people — utterly unrealistic. Their fool's paradise cannot endure.

My research, based on mail from broadcasts over 600 radio stations each week, from television, and from the large parish of which I have the honor to be minister in Los Angeles, indicates clearly to me that the American people are still sound in character and courage. I do not

concede that we have gone past the point of no return on the collectivist road. The fact is, our people have never been given the opportunity to stand or to fight for freedom under God. I am confident they will make whatever sacrifice may be required to save it, if strong, right-thinking individuals will come forth to lead them, making no compromises.

The sort of leadership that is needed should come increasingly from churches as the clergy see these issues more clearly. It should come increasingly from our professors in colleges and universities. It should develop within and be supported by the business interests of the nation whose leaders have often knowingly or unknowingly financed evil commentators and others who serve the enemy instead of the commonweal.

These issues turn by narrow margins. If just a few think clearly and more speak out courageously, the balance will shift and the tides will turn. My mother told me of a ship that was foundering in a storm. The men were ordered to shovel wheat in order to "trim the ship," but protested, saying they could shovel only a little, whereas there were thousands of bushels in the hold. But the mate knew better, and ordered them again to shovel wheat. After they had shoveled only a few hundred bushels, balance was restored, the ship righted herself, and the cargo and crew were saved.

There is more good than evil in the world. However many problems

are in the world, God is in the world. Those who believe in God should not despair, but should renew their courage and become vigilant, active and intelligent in behalf of saving freedom under God. The forces of all faiths must unite as they did in England at a time of great crisis when Cardinal Hinsley, the Archbishop of Canterbury Temple, and Rabbi Hertz, representing the three great faiths, called upon their people to cooperate and to restore moral and spiritual strength for the saving of England.

THERE is a contemporary situation which is even more striking, that of the Adenauer and Erhardt regime in West Germany. Erhardt is a unique person. He keeps the Adenauer regime dedicated to doing the things that are consonant with the moral law and the will of God, whether they are politically expedient or not. In a recent address, he declared that he and Adenauer might go down in defeat, but they would never compromise their moral principles.

Erhardt has the background of an economist. He belongs to the uncompromising school of Frederick von Hayek, Ludwig von Mises and Wilhelm Roepke. He says all political planning must be designed to preserve and increase freedom under God, and that no act or attitude contrary to the moral law can be countenanced.

Whereas in 1945 Germany was

collapsed and virtually destroyed, shackled with a planned economy, rigid controls, and bossed from the top, in 1953 she had doubled her production index, had a favorable balance of trade of \$60,000,000 a month, had repaid the European Payments Union the \$217,000,000 formerly owed, and had a plus credit with the new EPU of \$360,000,000. During the interval 1945-1953, wages increased 86% and the national income increased six times over. Foreign trade doubled. The production of steel doubled.

West Germany is accomplishing this because of the moral and spiritual emphasis. In 1952 Germany was sending food to England. Adenauer and Erhardt inspire the people with the vision of freedom under God. They stand on sound moral foundations. Recently Erhardt said, "What can be the future for a social system that doesn't give its people a chance to fight for the dignity and the joys of a free life?" That is a question which every citizen in America should ponder seriously at this time, for American leadership has not given us that opportunity.

Just what would a similar program require in America? It would require a return to truth. Campaign promises would have to be kept by holders of our highest offices — all offices. We have stooped to secret diplomacy. The citizens are denied the truth concerning international involvements.

There is room for more of the

truth in every profession, industry and area of our American life today. When truth becomes again the accepted norm, the taproots of Communism in America will automatically be cut, the taproot of Socialism and all other collectivism will be cut, so that these anti-Christian and anti-American philosophies will wither on the vine instead of flourishing throughout the nation and even within the Government itself.

J. Edgar Hoover, in my judgment one of the greatest of Americans, an earnest, dedicated, Christian man, told me he regards the need for moral and spiritual revival as one of the outstanding needs in our nation. Not long ago I discussed with Senator Joseph McCarthy the lengths to which some people go and the depths to which some people will stoop in their betrayals of trust and in their service to pagan, anti-God, sadistic Communism. The Senator said, "What we really need is to get back to religious and moral fundamentals if we are going to save our country." He is right!

If we re-establish the climate of truth and morality, we will regain the dignity of man. Those who have substituted fear for faith must return to faith. By bringing our individual lives into moral rectitude, we can eliminate anxieties and fears and can experience within ourselves the peace and strength of God despite the A-bomb or the H-bomb or whatever. "Putting on the whole armor of God," we can with con-

fidence face whatever awaits or overtakes us. We can regain our birthright of freedom under God in America, and from our rekindled torch renew the lamps of freedom which have gone out in so many parts of the world. We each need, as Confucius put it, "not to curse the darkness, but to light a candle."

DEVELOPMENT of this program will not be easy. There has been a willful, carefully planned and quite effective conspiracy to destroy our way of life. The conspirators have not all been exposed. Too few of them have actually been prosecuted. The United Nations and other organizations still serve as a Trojan Horse, in which enemies move freely. At the time of the birth of the United Nations, a San Francisco newspaper had on its front page a picture of Hiss, Molotov and Stettinius, with the caption, "These insure the domination of the United Nations by the United States." How naïve and stupid we were at San Francisco, Yalta, Teheran, Korea!

Will Americans pay the price of eternal vigilance before it is too late? I cannot predict the answer to that question. I am sure that the longer a resistance movement is delayed, the less strength it will have. Recent action on the Bricker Amendment makes one wonder, for the Constitution-sovereignty such an Amendment would guarantee must be part of the framework with which the Republic is to be but-

tressed. We must profit from the stern lessons of the war we have just lost in Korea. We must realistically appraise the continuing spread of Communism, which has expanded its outreach threefold in four years and which still has the initiative, as the recent four-power conference clearly showed. We must recognize the growth of Communism in India, Burma, Indo-China, Thailand, Italy, France. The Government must wholeheartedly support the efforts of McCarthy, Jenner and others who must fight not only Communists but Government, too, at many points.

Who can predict whether Americans will have the courage and character to pay the price, when it is such a large price? And the price increases steadily. We shall have to have God's help if we save our freedom! And remember — we must meet His conditions to get His help.

A friend of mine was once talking with John Dewey, who started much of the collectivist pattern in education. He turned to Mr. Dewey and said, "Mr. Dewey, I don't see how you can believe all this collectivist thinking and all these collectivist things and still call yourself a Christian." John Dewey said, "I don't."

No one can be a collectivist and a Christian. There is no basis for honest compromise between good and evil. America cannot continue ransoming the kidnapped; ignoring the thousands of civilians who are still behind the Iron Curtain; Amer-

ica cannot fight wars except to win them; America can't ignore responsible testimony from such persons as Dr. J. B. Matthews. Pressure groups can no longer run our country. Controls, subsidies and paternalistic attitudes of government inimical to freedom must be abandoned. The moral law — the will of God — the standard of truth — must be our credo if freedom under God is to be saved and the present confusions, which make so many so impotent, are to be cleared. Such would be worth whatever it might cost.

IT IS EASY to say these things in general, but we must get down to specifics, to definite steps that each of us can take. Here are some among many suggestions:

One. Be completely honest with yourself. Vow that you will not kid yourself nor deceive yourself nor hoodwink yourself in these matters.

Two. Vow that you will do your own thinking on matters important to you and your children — or your grandchildren — not let unworthies who are eager to do so, do your thinking for you.

Three. Reappraise the influences that have standing in your life — columnists, commentators, magazines, newspapers — using your own best judgment, considering attitudes of others you respect toward these media; and, as far as you are able, evaluate them by history and by Jesus' teachings.

Four. Reappraise your affiliations

— lodge, union, church, school, friendship circles, business associates, golfing cronies — and honestly determine whether these alliances are good and right for you.

Five. Make new associations with luncheon clubs, PTA groups, the American Legion Posts, Freedom Clubs, Spiritual Mobilization, or other groups which are in the hands of honest leaders dedicated to saving freedom under God.

Six. Make this a matter of prayer — and pray daily, faithfully and earnestly, for God's guidance to you, the groups with which you are identified, the officials of our government, etc.

Seven. Read a good book every two weeks, or one a month, which presents the dangers threatening freedom and suggests ways to help save it in America. Spiritual Mobilization, 1521 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, will provide suggested bibliographies.

Eight. Talk over the plight of freedom under God in America with your pastor or priest, and see if a Freedom Group can be started in your church.

Nine. Correspond with your Congressman, your Senator and other official representatives, so that they will know your intelligent interests and concerns and be guided by your views.

Ten. Get acquainted with precinct-level leaders of the political party of your choice, and attend meetings in which policies are shaped

and efforts planned. Individuals count at these levels.

Eleven. Register. Investigate all candidates for office. Vote regularly, thus implementing and activating your convictions.

Twelve. If you have children, be worthy, patient parents, sharing with them the glorious traditions and ideals of America which have meant so much to you and whose destiny will so soon be in their hands. Be sure to give them an intelligent faith in God and in the moral law.

All of these steps will help eliminate the confusions in your mind and in the minds of others. In addition to them, follow valid impulses and ideas of your own. Be creative and original — take initiative. Communists don't wait to be told what to do and how to do it — nor need we. Cease being indifferent or defeatist. God is on the side of truth and freedom. Stop cursing the darkness, and light a candle — stop cursing Communists, and begin to expose them. Communism is like many germs which cannot live in the light.

Those of us who for years have been involved in this fight, who have seen freedom destroyed in other nations and who are pledged to help sound the alarm in America, are part of a great and rapidly expanding fellowship of those who really care. They are humbly, deeply and intelligently dedicated to the saving of freedom under God in America. Additional enlistments are urgently needed!

The World's

By JAMES L. HARTE

largest



LIBRARY

WITH the inadequacy of the suddenly awed, the schoolteacher exclaimed, "My, how beautiful!" She stood on a balcony gazing out over the main reading room of the Library of Congress. Overhead, the great dome of the building rose to its cavernous peak. Up a short flight of stairs there stood a marble case enshrining a faded sheet of vellum, the Declaration of Independence, and at its side, the Constitution.

The awe of the visiting schoolteacher is matched, annually, by the thousands of visitors to the nation's capital who include the great library in their tour of the city. They have a proprietary right to be impressed, for, though termed the Library of Congress, it is the library of all America, all Americans, and the annual cost of its upkeep is the equivalent of five cents for every citizen.

The visitors who stare so reverently upon the library and its historic relics would be further awed if they were familiar with its own great history. It is, first of all, the largest library in the world. And it fills the two largest buildings in the world devoted exclusively to books. These are the main building and the annex, constructed at a cost of slightly more than \$15,000,000.

The establishment of this national library actually began with the establishment of the Federal Government. In the First Congress, Elbridge Gerry, a Representative from Massachusetts, a former member of the Continental Congress, later Vice-President of the United States, proposed "that a committee be appointed to report a catalogue of books necessary for the use of the Congress, with an estimate of the expense, and the best mode of

procuring them." The date was August 6, 1789, at New York.

Nothing came of the proposal, as the Congress had access to the books of the New York Society Library, originally chartered by King George III, and when the Congress moved to Philadelphia, the Library Company of that city offered the same courtesy to the legislators. When the government moved to Washington, however, the Congress passed a measure which said, in part, ". . . for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of the Congress at the said City of Washington, and for fitting up a suitable apartment for containing them, and for placing them therein, the sum of \$5,000 shall be and hereby is appropriated." President John Adams signed the bill early that year of 1800. A few months later the first order for books went out to a company in London which shipped, in response, eleven hair trunks of volumes aboard "the good ship called the *American*, by God's Grace bound for Baltimore."

The Sixth Congress had adjourned before the books arrived and it was the Seventh Congress that passed, on January 26, 1802, an "Act Concerning the Library for the Use of Both Houses of Congress." This made available, as a library space, a room in the west side of the Capitol. Here the library remained, growing to about 3,000 volumes, until fires set by the invading British in August of 1814, in the

War of 1812, destroyed the books.

Five months later, the Congress provided a new library by authorizing the purchase, at \$23,950, of Thomas Jefferson's books, then the largest private library in the country. This was expanded until the library, numbering 55,000 volumes, was again burned in an accidental fire on Christmas Eve, 1851. Much of Jefferson's collection was lost.

The library was restored, however, and a new building for its sole use was authorized. Thus the present edifice, high-domed and beautiful, came into existence in 1897.

BECAUSE of the archival pattern of the institution, the public may not take out books or other of the vast library holdings. Members of Congress may do so, however, and the massive building and its annex are equipped with mechanized carrier tunnels which carry books, underground, between the library and the Capitol buildings, saving time and steps in transportation when the legislators call for books. Although it is a private library for the Congress, it is at the same time a national library, and the average citizen is permitted to occupy the 400 study tables in the 225 special study and reading rooms and avail himself of any of the library contents therein. The public may also bombard the library's reference staff, and it does with an average of 200 queries daily.

More important, however, the

influence of the library is felt in almost every aspect of American life through the use of its vast resources. The information supplied Senators and Representatives may influence legislation touching lives from coast to coast and border to border. Precedents found in early law books may affect judicial decisions. Material scattered through hundreds of volumes, manuscripts and maps, contributes to the re-writing of history. A foreign policy, a technological development, a best-selling novel, a symphony may be affected by research done here.

In all, the library represents, over a period of 153 years, an investment of some \$118,000,000 in public money, plus close to \$10,000,000 in gifts of money from non-government sources, along with material of incalculable value through copyright deposits and gifts of outstanding collections.

The greatest single source of acquisition for current materials is the Copyright Office, a part of the library. By law, two copies of each American book copyrighted are kept here, as is one copy of every foreign volume copyrighted.

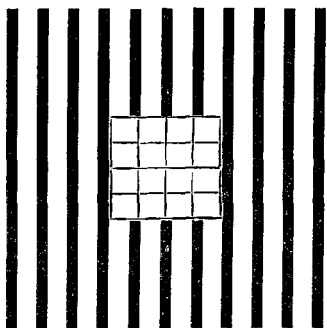
THE Copyright Office is a story in itself. In addition to the annual intake of books and pamphlets, the office has permitted copyrights on such interesting items as a group of costume jewelry pieces designed by Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter. Valued at \$1,500 each, the jewels

were copyrighted as works of art.

Another strange work-of-art copyright was that granted a baker who concocted an elaborate gingerbread house. Pictures of the pastry, which accompanied the application, were registered.

The Copyright Office receives many eyebrow-lifters over the course of each year, but the one which has them chuckling most is that received a few years ago from an elderly lady in California, writing for herself and her companion, another elderly lady. "We would like to write poetry for publication," the letter explained, "but we don't want to break any Federal laws. Will you please send a poetic license for me and another for my companion?"

Any and everything recorded in the way of human experience is at the library, in one or more forms. Among the rare treasures are the famed Gutenberg Bible and, at its side, the historic two-volume Giant Bible of Mainz. And, with all its treasures, the library itself in its relations with the human element boasts happily that it is not plagued with pilfering. The only big case of theft in its history occurred in 1896. Valuable manuscripts stolen in what proved to be an inside job were recovered in New York and the thieves apprehended. The Library of Congress is justifiably proud of this remarkable record, of its indication of the respect held by the people for the institution.



Not By RIOT Alone

By NINA MERMEY

IN MARCH of 1952 the first rumblings were heard of what was to be the most explosive year in American prison history. Starting in Sioux Falls, the vibrations set off a chain of violence that did not end until twenty-three American prisons had felt its impact.

The public was shocked. But the professionals — the wardens, the penologists, the sociologists — needn't have been. They know that riots are a last-resort attempt by men — men made desperate by real or fancied wrongs — to communicate their condition to society. They know, too, that prisoners have various ways of communicating — for instance the press, their own penal press.

More than two hundred correctional institutions in this country have some sort of inmate-written publications. In some cases such publications exist simply to give the administration an organ of expression, or to sugar-coat bulletin-board directives.

Mostly, though, prison publications — whether they're mimeographed sheets, or printed newspapers, or slick paper, multi-color magazines — try to speak *for the prisoner*. They want to express him as an individual, to present his problems. How inmates feel about their biggest problem — being in prison — might be guessed at from the very names of some of their publications. On one hand are titles like the *Clock*, *Hours*, *Time*, and *Shadows*; on the brighter side, the *Flood Light*, the *Candle*, the *Lantern*, the *Outlook* — the last used by three different publications.

It is only natural that prison writers try to put their best prison-issue foot forward. Inmate editors are constantly emphasizing that their publications are not meant to be "gripe sheets" where dirty prison linen is aired. On the contrary, in most articles that present inmate problems, it is obvious that the writer has taken a deep breath and counted, not to ten, but more

likely to a hundred and ten, before ever touching a typewriter. The result may be a sober, thoughtful analysis of these problems; or the bitterness, which is inevitably there, may be revealed, transformed, through humor.

For instance, a little gem in Indiana State Prison's sprightly newspaper, the *Lake Shore Outlook*, came at the end of a report of a speech by the county parole officer. This official, a Mr. Miller, was quoted as saying, "At no time in our dealings with the parolee do we forget the dignity of the individual." The editor's comment, just below, summed up a world of inmate experience with parole boards: "Now, Mr. Miller! Tish! Tish! Tish! Oh! Brother!"

PSYCHIATRISTS and psychology in general loom large in modern prisons where some attempt is being made to get a psychological, as well as a "social" record of each man. As a consequence, practices like group therapy are becoming increasingly popular. But inmates are of two minds — at least — as to the worth of all this.

An editor of the *Atlantian*, slick quarterly produced at the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, treated the question of rehabilitation *vs.* simple custody from a psychological viewpoint. He wrote, "Any anti-social act is the act of a child," but society cannot afford to recognize this and thus to "treat the offender on a

level comparable to the act." For then "society and the people named to act for it would have to face their own nearness to childish acts." Rather than face this, it is easier for society to believe, however wrongly, that "a man grown is automatically possessed of free will." Thus punishment, rather than a rehabilitative principle, can be freely applied.

The relation of society to the problems of the man in prison is a subject of prime importance, and it is dealt with again and again in the pages of the penal press. Iowa State Penitentiary's the *Presidio*, in an article entitled "A Study in Intentional Bankruptcy," looked at it this way:

No manufacturer would be so foolish as to dump his finished product out into the street and make no attempt to market it and thus realize a profit on his investment . . . Yet society invests millions in penal plants, training programs and educational facilities, but when the human product leaves the assembly line, disregards and ignores it, makes no attempt to realize on its marketable value . . . Prison can only lay the groundwork for rehabilitation. It cannot follow the project through to completion.

The *Presidio* and other publications plead that social welfare groups or similar groups composed of both lay and professional citizens, should work with released men, or that sponsorship programs (already ini-

tiated in the federal system) come into wider use.

At Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, the inmate magazine the *New Era* has long concerned itself with another aspect of the problem — juvenile delinquency. It strongly condemns society for its part in creating “evil by example.” One article points to “general debauchery all about us,” hate, prejudice, disregard of laws as contributing factors to juvenile crime. The solution is a simple one: a return to the ideals of the Ten Commandments.

IT MIGHT be expected that bitterness would make convicts easy prey to Communism or other anti-American propaganda. Nothing could be farther from the truth. When a pro-Communist magazine was sent around to various prisons, the *Lake Shore Outlook* came up with an editorial captioned, “Communism, Bah!” “What a laugh!” went the editorial. “We are strictly in stitches . . . at the stupid thought . . . that a convict would fall for that baloney . . . A prison, of necessity, is operated in the welfare state manner and the old idea of a socialist paradise is strictly for the birds. (The vultures, that is.)”

Many prison publications back up their stand against Communism by going one step further: they want prisoners to be admitted into the armed forces. Wrote one inmate: “It is not fitting to refuse any man the God-given right to fight

for and protect the land that he loves, and the loved one who loves him.”

Serving their country, inmates feel, will help them regain acceptance by the society that has segregated them and will reawaken a feeling of usefulness to that society. According to a *Presidio* writer, prisoners really want to learn to conform to society, and they crave recognition from it, and so countless articles in the prison press tell of inmates donating blood to the Red Cross, volunteering for scientific experiments, taking up collections for poor families, and so on.

Sometimes personality pieces become more than “inspirational” clichés. This usually happens when the subject has been dealt with unfairly by circumstance or by law, or where he seems to be serving a sentence out of all proportion to his crime. That this is not just rationalization seems evident from the number of very detailed articles that analyze various sentencing laws and parole procedures. An editorial from the *Spectator*, weekly tabloid of the vast prison at Jackson, Michigan, is a case in point. In the quiet, understated way that is the style of the *Spectator*, it discussed “jurisdictional sentence discrepancies.” In plain English, this means that, in Michigan at least, different courts in different parts of the state can assign widely differing sentences for the same crime. The editorial, pointed to the fact that sentences for a certain crime had varied

during a six-month period from as much as twenty years to life at one extreme, to a "mere" seven to fifteen years at the other.

BUT if prison papers confined themselves to weighty topics they clearly wouldn't be in business long. Reader reaction, let it be noted, is swift and unmistakable; editors are ever on the alert for the danger signal: too many copies of their paper — or magazine — serving as bath mats, or in even less dignified capacities! So it is reasonable to expect a good amount of "yard news," with the emphasis on inmate sports, humor columns, puzzles and, all too frequently, an assortment of publicity photos of movie and TV starlets.

It is obvious that a prison magazine or paper serves an important purpose in providing the inmates with an opportunity for self-expression. What may not be so obvious is inmates' eagerness to express themselves in writing. When the *Lake Shore Outlook* repeatedly printed pleas for classes in journalism to be held at the prison, it succeeded in convincing prison officials that there were enough inmates who wanted them. In the sprawling prison at Jackson, Michigan, writing is a wholesale operation. Inmates there, with the help of an inmate-and-instructor-composed manuscript committee, sold articles to the "free press" for \$10,000 in 1952.

Writing fiction is a natural outlet

for many prisoners, yet the fiction they write is surprising. A story that was extraordinary because it was entirely subjective appeared in an issue of the *Atlantian*. Its hero was an artist in prison, its content his agonies as he paints, and contemplates, his "picassoistic" portrait of the devil. The mood is set in the first sentence: "The dawn, like a slow freight on a grade, dragged itself into day. Its cargo — a blizzard." Of the painting, the artist says, "This symphonic composition of evil was composed of violent passages of color which dominated the entire painting in a continuous crescendo." And later (the story is told in flashback): "The thrill of creating mounted to ecstasy — seizing and coiling itself around him — like a prison-made suit on a rainy day."

The anguish of the individual in prison is not often treated by inmate writers as a personal experience; more often the writer will seem to assume the role of a nearly-disinterested third party — as if he were a social worker full of compassion and indignation at the lot of the unfortunates in his care, yet not really involved in it.

However, accentuating the positive is still the big job of the penal press. That's why prison publications put so much emphasis on inside activities, as when the *Lake Shore Outlook*, for instance, ran a whole series of articles describing, successively, the institu-

tion's cannery, the education classes, the steel shop — and the big inmate art show! Leavenworth's *The New Era* devoted nearly an entire issue to prison industries, and *The Outlook* (magazine of the government's reformatory in Oklahoma) did the same with the institution's popular Dale Carnegie courses. Prison Alcoholics Anonymous chapters — very important, evidently, in rehabilitation — are constantly in the news. Articles like these are good public relations for a prison administration.

"To add to the inmates' store of information and inspiration" is indeed part of the purpose of the penal press; the other part has been stated as, "to promote mutual understanding between inside and outside." There are, it has been estimated, about 200,000 people who read the penal press. Of these, about 30,000 are "outside." The number of "outsiders" who see a given publication is one way of judging how progressive an administration is. It's interesting to note that many magazines of federal institutions have larger external circulations than internal, and as a group have greater external circulation than do state publications.

THE importance of prison journalism to inmates, to administrations, and to society has been appraised by Dr. Walter Lunden, a sociology professor who has made a thorough-going study of the subject. He says, "In those areas where good

work is being done, you will find that there has been good communication between the prison and the general public." Dr. Lunden also cites the "alarmingly limited" knowledge of prison conditions possessed by most legislators.

Importantly, the public must be informed about what prisons are trying to do and about what they are not doing. Ninety-five per cent of the men and women in prison today will, sooner or later, be back in society. A person who has lived, perhaps for years, behind the stone curtain will find re-emerging into society a shock, as too much light is to one who has been in the dark. Because prison rehabilitation is, of necessity, an unfinished business, it is up to society to help the prisoner finish it. And prisoners, through a really free penal press, can help society to do the job; it can help society turn its social and economic liabilities into assets.

Thus when the rioters at Jackson, Michigan, were negotiating their surrender, one of the conditions they insisted upon was complete newspaper and radio coverage of their demands. They knew they could count on an informed public opinion to ensure that the conditions they protested were improved. And they were right. In nearly every prison that rioted, conditions were subsequently improved, and plans continue to be made for their further improvement.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ A reporter at Kingsville, Texas, called a farm cooperative at Ricardo to inquire if there was any rain in the area. A voice on the other end sputtered and then declared: "It's raining so blankety-blank hard right now we can't unload the government drought relief feed that just came in."
- ✓ Going all out for its one returning prisoner of war from Korea, Buttonwillow, California, elected its first mayor so it would have an official to present the keys of the city to the hero corporal.
- ✓ Three-months-old Kevin Mellenbruch, of Kansas City, let out a howl that was heard three thousand miles away. His mother pinched him so that his father, Sergeant Donald Mellenbruch, listening by phone in Greenland, could hear the son he's never seen.
- ✓ Ray Huffstetler, of Fort Worth, finally discovered why mosquitoes were driving him crazy at his up-to-date home. They'd taken a fancy to his air cooler and were breeding in it.
- ✓ When the Boy Scouts took over the city government of Salem, Massachusetts, Mayor Francis X. Collins discovered that his successor for that day was Paul Harrington. In the last election Mr. Collins had defeated Paul's father for the mayoralty job.
- ✓ Palm Springs, California, passed an ordinance making it illegal for men to appear in public places without shirts after some women complained that the sight of barechested men in a restaurant so upset them they couldn't eat their soup.
- ✓ Robert Miles, a New Smyrna Beach, Florida, citizen, has been trying to persuade the city commission to change its zoning boundary so that his two bedrooms won't be designated as "residential" while the kitchen and bathroom are "commercial."
- ✓ Undaunted when they discovered a local ordinance prevented them from selling beer, north New Jersey volunteer firemen, meeting at Prospect Park in convention, gave the beer away free — to all those who bought glasses to hold it in at 50 cents apiece.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

By OPAKA

MALENKOV'S BATTLE FOR TIME

LET US not fool ourselves. It is not *we*, the free nations of the world, but *they*, the four men in the Kremlin, who are once more scoring points in the Cold War. And it will certainly remain as the most curious feature of our dizzy times that there are still people who do not perceive the whole impact of our mistakes.

Soviet Russia today is "an enigma wrapped in mystery" only for those who cannot see because it suits them to be blind. In spite of barbed wire, watchtowers, tommy guns and mine fields, information is streaming across the Iron Curtain in an uninterrupted flow. We know how many A-bombs they have; the number, strength and *ordre de bataille* of their

divisions; we know who is important and who is not in Mao Tse-tung's entourage, and why Bierut in Poland was replaced by Cyrankiewicz; we know that a certain Frantisek Brzoska, whose real name is Frantisek Hauser, is the most dangerous Communist provocateur in a place called Reznicev in the Nove Straseci district in Czechoslovakia; we know that a certain Hungarian diplomat in Western Europe is ready to choose freedom.

If we do not know what Malenkov said to Khrushchev behind closed doors, it is perfectly clear what both are aiming at. And what they are aiming at is certainly not the implementation of Molotov's All-

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Europe Plan, nor the removal of the "threat to peace" presented by our overseas bases, nor getting a status equal to that of the USA for Communist China. Even if they claim these to be the objectives of their "peace-loving" diplomacy, they are much too clever not to be fully aware that all this is simply talking through one's hat.

What do they want? *Time* is what the Soviet rulers consider at present most important for them to gain, and it is *time* that the Cold-War-weary West offers them on a silver platter, in the candid belief that it is we who are most in need of a respite.

But we might argue that, after so many tiresome years, the Cold War itself is slowly fading away. One hears that "a new Soviet Russia is in the being" and therefore all that is required from us is patience, calm, and the greatest care not to retard the natural evolution of things. Is one not told that by allowing Malenkov to retrieve one or two coins here and there, we are only helping our cause and the cause of peace?

TO A STUDENT of Communism the answer is so glaringly obvious that one shudders at the necessity of having to explain matters plain as a pikestaff, clear as the day. For the Cold War is not something dating from 1946 or '47, but the essential strategy employed by the Communists since the beginning, in order to achieve world domination.

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions . . . They have a world to win. Workingmen of all countries, unite!" This first appeal to the masses to start the Cold War was not made in 1946 or '47 but in 1847, in the concluding paragraph of the *Communist Manifesto*, and today it is known by heart by one-third of the world's population.

Started more than a hundred years ago, the strategy of the Cold War, of relentlessly harassing the enemy with all conceivable means short of war (until they are ready for it), has brought the Communists such tremendous gains and opened such fantastic vistas for the future that it would be sheer lunacy to expect that Malenkov is thinking of calling it off. Why on earth should he? From an insignificant group of frustrated émigrés, the Communists have grown into the greatest menace to the world. Conceived in an untidy furnished room in London, it is today the official creed taught to all the peoples from the German Elbe all the way East to the Japanese Kurile Islands, and from the Arctic settlements on Franz Joseph Land five thousand miles down to the tropical jungles of Cambodia. To abandon the Cold War? Why should we ask Malenkov to sign away Soviet Russia? Or to commit suicide?

No, the Cold War in which Soviet Russia was allowed to secure such tremendous gains will go on, and the happy days promised by the wishful thinkers are as remote as ever. Instead of waiting for fairy tales to come true, let us take a look behind the Iron Curtain. Maybe the trend of events in Moscow or Peiping will give us more indications why it was *time* rather than further expansion which was judged by Malenkov and his friends to be the present number one demand on the lengthy list of Soviet claims from the West.

USSR: OPERATION KAZAKHSTAN

It is undeniable that after 36 years of their rule, the Communists in Russia have succeeded in producing a new species of human beings, which they themselves proudly call "the Soviet Man." And it is a different species indeed. For while it is difficult to imagine that under orders from President Eisenhower, American citizens would ever be willing to work ten or twelve hours a day, without asking questions, and meekly accepting whatever they would be given in reward, the Soviet Man (who very often is a woman with shoulders like Rocky Marciano's, clad in a jerkin made from a piece of her mother's quilt, and shod in Number 11 army regulation boots) does everything he is ordered to do. He does it without grumbling, though carefully avoiding any excess of zeal. After the

day's work, he eats whatever, more or less eatable, he can afford to buy. And after dinner, at the factory's club room, always with the same philosophical detachment, he slumbers for an hour or two, as long as the political instructor from the city goes on explaining the blessings of Marxism and how it liberated all toiling people from bourgeois exploitation.

It was with the labor of this new species, the Soviet Man, that the Kremlin masters were able, though lacking capital for investments, to transform the old Russia, an agricultural country, into one of the great industrial producers of the world.

But while astonishingly successful in their experiments with Russian human beings, Lenin and Stalin were unable to coerce animals and plants in the same fashion. Though Communist-controlled, a cow in Mordov or Ivanovo differs little from a capitalist-owned cow in Pennsylvania or Maryland. This means that the amount of milk she will yield is in direct proportion to the amount and quality of fodder and the care she receives, regardless of orders from Moscow. Similarly, corn and vegetables remained indifferent to instructions from the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture.

To make a long story short, while the USSR possesses today the H-bomb and enough weapons to equip her 175 divisions, the famous Soviet Man feels so painfully underfed that

his normal lack of enthusiasm takes the form of open reluctance to perform any work whatsoever, and what is more disturbing to his masters, he is beginning to grumble. For the past two years the USSR has been in the grip of a growing agricultural crisis, so serious that trouble may start soon, if nothing is done, and done fast.

The Russians act rapidly, and therefore within little more than a year those blamed for the state of affairs were liquidated, the organization of the Soviet state and the Red empire was readjusted to cope with the emergency, and at the moment, in "Operation Kazakhstan" thousands of brand new tractors are plowing virgin lands in the hope that these regions alone will bring, in the next two years, an additional 10 million tons of grain. With a similar effort ordered in Siberia, the Urals, on the Volga and in the Caucasus, Nikita Khrushchev hopes to get twice that amount. If in addition he is able to squeeze some 30 million tons by raising the yield of land already under cultivation, his battle of bread will be won. Will he succeed?

THIS writer had the opportunity to discuss these matters with experts having a vast knowledge of all aspects of the Soviet agricultural problem. Basing their opinion on facts and figures, they agree that the soil of the country as a whole is too poor, and the climatic conditions

too severe, to allow an adequate supply of food for the rapidly growing population, which already exceeds 200 million.

If this diagnosis is correct, Soviet Russia is in bad shape indeed. However, the agricultural experts, notwithstanding their knowledge and the amount of data compiled, omitted one aspect in their calculations, which has little to do with planning and efficiency. Among other strange qualities, the Soviet Man has developed an extraordinary capability of dying without protest. The world knew little of the many millions who silently starved in Russia in the early 'twenties, and of some six million more who died later in the Ukraine at the time of forced land collectivization.

Probably Nikita Khrushchev, even if unable ever to attain his fantastic grain target of 180 millions by 1955, if left quiet, will somehow find a way of getting more bread out of the reluctant Russian earth. The rest will be taken care of by the unconventional nature of the Soviet Man, assisted by the Tommy guns of the MVD. What Khrushchev most needs is *time*.

CHINA: HOW MANY MILLIONS OF CHINESE WILL DIE ?

It took the Communists 36 years to teach the Soviet Man how to die without becoming troublesome. The Chinese learned that lesson during the past 3500 years — ever since

their hapless state was founded. In the greater part of such provinces as Chahar or Suiyuan, rice, maize, millet and soybean simply will not grow. If food is not imported, the inhabitants must starve. Last year undisclosed millions of Chinese suffered or died of hunger, with official explanation putting the blame on the severe winter, insects and hail storms. This year (while the Peiping government continues to export grain, meat and other foodstuffs to Russia) crop yields, again very badly affected, can never reach the promised 7.2 per cent increase. How many Chinese will die of hunger this summer when Peiping *People's Daily* admitted that about 60 million inhabitants of China are either "short of food" or living in "famine areas"?

Used to hunger as they are, the perennially famished Chinese will probably not become too infuriated for this reason alone, although we read reports of cases when starving peasants openly revolted against their Red masters, as in the Kansu province, where last year the army and militia had to battle for months against 20,000 anti-Communist insurgents. In addition to hunger, there is a widespread and rising dissatisfaction with Communism in general, which even the Communist press is forced to admit.

Thus, the East Kwantung *Peasant Journal* reported a few weeks ago that large and well-trained anti-Communist forces are operating in

the Hsien Mountains. In Canton the security chief acknowledged publicly that the city was "full of anti-Communist agents."

Stories indicating the existence of widespread anti-Communist organizations in Shanghai were so numerous in the local press that the authorities forbade their further publication. Yet from the refugees who are reaching Hong Kong we learn that after five years of Communist rule and in spite of Communistic banners and slogans displayed everywhere, the city is today perhaps more anti-Red than this world center of cotton and silk weaving has ever been.

Examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely to prove that only the proximity of Soviet Russia is keeping China Communistic. There can be no doubt that Marxism does not and cannot have any appeal or even be comprehensible to some ten million underpaid, careless and completely corrupted officials, whose job it is to implement the orders and plans of the Central Chinese government. The same applies to the bulk of the rank and file of the Communist Party, which is so often accused by its leaders of being an "inactive body," vulnerable to all sorts of "infiltrations," and packed not only with some "disloyal and unstable elements" — as Liu Shao-chi, the Party's Secretary General recently said in public — but even with "agents of imperialists and counter-revolutionaries." This is

true in even greater measure as far as the Red Chinese army and militia are concerned.

It is therefore doubtful whether, should the Communist regime collapse in Russia, the present Central Chinese government could find enough support to stay in power for another year. On the other hand, as long as the Communists in Moscow watch over their Chinese brethren, slowly, step by step, the Chinese Communists will be forced to copy the technique employed by Lenin and Stalin in the early 'twenties, in order to form the soulless, obedient robot, which is the Soviet Man today.

FOR THE MOMENT the only thing Mao Tse-tung and his henchmen need is exactly the same thing Khrushchev needs most. They need *time* to place the machine on its wheels and start it rolling. At present the machine simply does not work. Not only do the manufacturing centers promised last year in the Chinese First Five-Year Plan remain mostly on paper, but many Japanese-built plants in Manchuria are still awaiting the day when someone will repair the damages of war and bring them to life again. A timid plan for agriculture, based on the mutual aid principle as the first cautious move in the direction of collectivization, was announced by the Chinese Communist Party only a few months ago. But in a year or two the most difficult and danger-

fought preparatory period may be over, and the Chinese will have learned how to become a pinion in the diabolical Communist apparatus built according to Marxist doctrine for the conquest of the world.

Hunger-stricken and in various stages of reorganization or readjustment, the Communist bloc (because most of what we have said of the USSR and China applies to Russia's satellites in Europe), tremendously powerful by its sheer mass, has been offered a chance of survival by the West. For had the vigorous policy of the early days of the Eisenhower administration been followed through, there was a possibility that Communism could not have withstood the strain. It is highly probable that under relentless external pressure, the Soviet system would have collapsed, even without a military defeat, and brought the whole Red edifice crashing down.

Chiefly because of non-cooperation by the British, always ready to sacrifice the world to save an almost non-existing empire, and who got timely help from the weariness of the French, the policy of strength was abandoned for an anemic one of wait-and-see, the present policy of Berlin and Geneva. Thus, by adroitly playing their Cold War cards, the Communists, in a time of crisis, have won respite. The moral and physical disarmament of the West enables them today to divert part of their effort from building up their war machine, which they

definitely could no longer afford without risking grave trouble at home, toward correcting past mistakes and gathering strength for future assaults.

Without waiting for Khrushchev's revelations, it could have been estimated by Western observers long ago that in 1955 or '56 the USSR will be short some 50 million tons of grain, and the shortage of such an amount might well become too difficult to correct merely by salvos from tommy guns. Was it not significant that the man chiefly responsible for the direction of Communist affairs in this critical period quite unexpectedly closed his eyes? Did Stalin die in March 1953 of a "sudden brain hemorrhage as a result of which he developed a paralysis" as it has been officially stated? Maybe fate helped Soviet Russia on March 5, 1953, as it helped her by Roosevelt's ailment at Yalta, and so many times before. There are indications that it was not fate alone that helped the Soviet Union, but rather that the Soviet Union's lucid leaders helped the aging and increasingly foolish Stalin to end his blunders.

WHATEVER really happened, once Stalin was dead his heirs lost no time in correcting his most crazy decisions. Stalin's stupid war in Korea, which meant an armaments race with the USA, economically disastrous for the USSR, was called off. And the unlimited personal

power of the dictator which could not but result in a series of disastrous revolts was replaced with the formula of "collective leadership" strong enough to get rid of a man if he no longer follows the established Party line, be he even Beria, yet supple enough to adapt the Party line to the present-day realities.

We, the free nations of the world, have done the rest, steered by the English Blimps and the frustrated French shopkeepers, by letting ourselves be caught in the trap that "the door to the conference is the door to peace." Berlin proved that the door to the conference is only the door to presenting the new masters of militant Communism with more *time* to achieve their ultimate aims, and the same was again proved at Geneva. As to the nature of those Communist aims, it was disclosed once and for all in Lenin's famous sentence which will remain the basis of Communist Cold War strategy: "The permanent co-existence of the Soviet Republic and the imperialist states is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end arrives, a series of terrible collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois nations is inevitable."

Let us hope that in spite of blunders committed, we shall be able to survive, in the H-bomb age, those "terrible collisions" which loose talk around conference tables will certainly not avert.

Goodbye *Whom*—and Maybe *Shall*

ED.D. • LL.B. ► BY HART STILWELL ◀ LL.D. • PH.D.

SHE was a college professor, a Ph.D., and she wanted to write what magazines of fairly general circulation might use. She brought me some of her writing.

"This would scare the life out of most people," I said. "It's too literary, too bookish, too crude. It's correct English, college style."

"Is there anything wrong with correct English?" she asked with scorn.

"Nothing except that nobody uses it but college professors and Adlai Stevenson."

A bit later she brought me another story. Tacked to it was a note winding up, ". . . and if there is any erudition in this, I shall be glad to eliminate it."

I ringed *shall* and wrote a little note saying, "*Shall* is dying out of the language except in the asking of a question. I will not say *I shall*. And since I will not say *I shall*, then shall I not say *I will*?"

The lady's sense of humor forced its way through the thick veneer of

academic procedure, and for weeks she had a lot of fun shocking her fellow professors by informing them that *shall* is dying out of the language.

Whether *shall* dies out of the language, except in the asking of questions beginning with *Shall I*, is of no concern to me. All I know is that I will not say *I shall*—and neither will about ninety per cent of my fellow Americans. And I will not say "*Whom* do you wish to see?" even though there was a temporary flurry in favor of the dying *whom* after Mr. Hemingway's epic of open-air fighting and love, Spanish style.

These changes, which amount to open violations of grammar, and many others like them, are taking place; which merely illustrates the fact that language is a growing thing that cannot be confined by any set of rules or it becomes "Latin" and what the people speak becomes "Italian."

Anyone who has studied linguistics knows that a language grows

without rules, and the rules are set up later to explain how the thing works the way it does. Any prolonged effort to hold a language to the rules at a given time is sure to meet with defeat. The language goes on; it will not freeze. If you doubt that, try reading Chaucer in the original.

But there is a tendency among those on high, those in the academic world, to deny this — to fight change.

AS A SORT of hobby, I teach a class in writing, an adult class whose members range in age from twenty to seventy. In this class college professors sit alongside mechanics and merchants and salesgirls.

One of the first things I suggest in opening a new term is this: "When grammar gets in your way, stomp on it. (No, I will not use the "correct" word, *stamp*.) Make the language serve you; don't be a slave to it." Then I try to prove the point.

Proving it isn't difficult. All I have to do is pick up the average college textbook and read a few paragraphs. That deadly, flat, academic, "correct" English simply is not written to be read by anyone except those compelled to read it. Still it is correct English — or, let us say, it was *once* correct English.

Is there such a thing as correct English? Years ago I read a comment, I think it was one of H. L. Mencken's offhand comments, that the dictionary is a generation behind

the people. I put that down as a cute saying. I know now that it is true.

But that is no criticism of the dictionary. It *must* be that way — it simply puts down as correct what the learned people of a language group accept as proper. But oddly enough, the language quite frequently is changed by the "improper" usages of people, in spite of all the professors can do to defend it.

In fighting such changes, the academician may be making a mistake. He tends to widen the gap between the language *he* speaks and writes and the language of everybody else.

And the change takes place anyway.

When I was a college freshman, I was solemnly warned never to use the word *fix* when I meant *repair*. Now the word *fix* is used more generally than *repair*. It may, eventually, replace it entirely.

I was warned never to say *while* when I meant a passage of time. The warning was silly even then. Now nobody would take it seriously.

I was told not to split an infinitive — a warning no longer heard, since splitting an infinitive often enriches a sentence, giving it a slight difference in meaning that can be achieved in no other way. I was warned against ending a sentence with a preposition — another warning no longer heard.

Above all, I was told never to use a plural verb with *none*, which, my

professors informed me, is nothing more than *no one* run together. Now the *New Yorker*, no slouch for good English, uses a plural verb with the subject *none*. And most other magazines and newspapers are following suit. Why? It sounds better. And is there any better reason?

SOME changes in the language are long overdue, and ought to be deliberately sought as a solution to confusing situations. A clear example is the use of the subjunctive form of the verb *to be* in sentences such as "If I were king."

Most moderately well educated people will say, "If I were king," not "If I was king." But when you leave the king and move on to situations that are probable, you run into utter confusion. Nobody seems to know what to do. You find, in the most learned of journals, such expressions as, "He said if I were going home he would like to go along." There is nothing impossible about my going home. In this sentence there is nothing improbable about it. The *he* in the sentence is pretty sure I'm going home. Then why use *were*?

In hundreds of other similar sentences, where the action or state of being is probable and quite likely, *were* is used. The same "authorities"

will use *was* in sentences with almost the same meaning. In other words, confusion reigns.

Then why not abandon the *were* in this sense and simply say, "If I was king?" The answer is: it's being done.

I am astonished again and again to hear learned people, broadminded, intelligent people, condemn certain practices in this nation because they do not follow a pattern set years ago in England, and probably abandoned there for all I know. There simply is no point in fighting change in the language.

There is, however, an extremely sound reason for learning as much as can reasonably be learned about it. No person, particularly a writer, should be without a sound knowledge of the language, including all the complexities of grammar and the fine shade of meanings in words.

Then, and only then, will you be equipped to stomp on grammar effectively. If your blunders are due to pure ignorance, you may be lending a hand toward eventually changing the language. But the immediate effect will be to sound "wrong," sometimes even to those who don't know why.

So goodbye *whom* — and maybe *shall*. I will miss you. But I will shed no tears.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)
The Canterbury Tales, Prologue



He Killed All the Rabbits

By EDWIN MULLER

ONE MORNING in January, 1952, the postman delivered a small package to Dr. Paul Armand-Delille, an elderly French physician. Perhaps no other package since the postal service began has contained so much suffering and death for the animal world.

Dr. Delille, who is retired, lives on a big estate near Chartres. There he leads the typical life of a country gentleman: gardening, landscaping, puttering. Nobody could look less like an evil-doer. But he had one aversion: rabbits. Every spring they destroyed some of his young plants and shrubs. The old man brooded over the little beasts.

He had read how the Australian government introduced a disease called myxomatosis which, in less than two years, killed off the greater part of the plague of rabbits in Australia. The doctor made inquiries. He found that the virus of myxomatosis could be obtained in Switzerland. He wrote for a tube of

it. His son set snares and caught a pair of young rabbits. With a hypodermic needle, the doctor injected the virus into their veins, then turned them loose. By this act Dr. Delille doomed to a painful death most of the rabbits in France, perhaps in all of Europe.

The rabbit was an important institution in France — both the wild and the domestic varieties. There was never a census of wild rabbits; probably there were something over 50,000,000 of them. A doe can have a litter of four to eight every two months. They would have covered every square foot of the country if nature hadn't maintained a balance. Hawks, foxes and many other predators kept the numbers down.

Man also kept them down. Rabbit hunting was far and away the leading sport. Every year 1,850,000 Frenchmen paid 1500 francs (\$4.30) each for hunting licenses. They were people of all classes. The President of France hunted rabbits on

his estate of Rambouillet. So did the poorest peasant. All other game put together was tiny in volume compared with rabbits. The annual kill by hunters was 15,000,000—a lot of meat in the pot.

Most French rabbits were killed with shotguns. Ninety-two per cent of the shells manufactured in France were used on rabbits. At ten cents a shell it made a sizable industry, employing thousands. Many others made most of their living out of the wild rabbit: hotel keepers whose clientele was mostly rabbit hunters, sporting-goods stores, gamekeepers, dealers in skins, and so forth.

The wild rabbit was almost big business. And the domestic variety was even more important. In France rabbits have long been the poor man's meat — and very good meat. Out in the country nearly everybody raises them. It's easy to do and the rabbit is a remarkably efficient meat factory. Its food costs almost nothing. A common sight along country roads is a boy or an old woman carrying a mass of green stuff: grass, leaves, whatever you can pick up along the road or in the woods. That's for the rabbits. The animals are killed at the age of six to eight months and furnish five to eight pounds of meat each.

In the last war the rabbit was a chief factor in saving the French from starvation. During the Occupation it was the only meat that millions ever tasted. The Nazis commandeered most of the beef, mut-

ton, and pork but didn't bother about the rabbits. After the war, rabbit continued to be an important meat supply; 85,000,000 were killed annually.

The skins also were fairly big business. The rabbit-fur coat is universal — sometimes in its own right, sometimes pretending to be a more fashionable fur. Nearly all the pelts of the 85,000,000 domestic kill and the 15,000,000 of the wild went to the furriers. A third of them were exported: value, two billion francs. Rabbit fur is essential to the manufacture of felt hats. The European variety is said to be better for the purpose than the American, so our Danbury and other hat-manufacturing centers used to import millions of pelts.

All in all the rabbit really meant something to the French. They should have erected a heroic statue to the doe rabbit in the Champs-Élysées.

HERE is what happened to the two rabbits infected by Dr. Delille — and later to many million others: The first symptoms usually appear on the sixth day after infection. The eyelids and nose swell and begin to discharge. Next the genital organs are affected. Then small swellings appear all over the body. After a few days the animal's face assumes that curious lion-like appearance which is characteristic of leprosy and elephantiasis. The rabbit staggers, is unable to jump. Occa-

sionally it gives a hoarse, croaking cry.

Rabbits at this stage of the disease are not pleasant to watch. Soon the animal can only crawl. It becomes totally blind and deaf. At the last stage there seems to be a strong instinct to crawl out of the burrow into the open. Death comes about the sixth day after the first symptoms.

More than 99 per cent of infected rabbits die. And, when myxomatosis invades a district, nearly all rabbits sooner or later become infected. Infection may be by bodily contact or by browsing on grass or leaves where an infected animal has been. But the chief source of infection is through insects, especially mosquitoes. The disease spreads most rapidly in warm weather when the insects come.

It can spread with the speed of a forest fire. It covered all of Australia in less than two years, killed more than 90 per cent of the rabbits. That is what happened in France. Since the first infections were in January, the rapid spread of the disease had to wait for warm weather and the insects. But even in winter the rabbit-death moved across the fields around Chartres.

In some places the disease was introduced deliberately. When farmers who agreed with Dr. Delille about rabbits heard what was happening they saw an opportunity to protect their own fields. Some went to the Chartres district, picked up

sick rabbits and carried them home to release. There was a black market in sick rabbits; they fetched as much as \$3 apiece.

By October, myxomatosis was leaping from district to district. Gamekeepers on the big estates soon knew about it. On the President's hunting preserve at Rambouillet the disease was very thorough — the President had no rabbits at all. On another estate of three square miles 20,000 rabbit corpses were counted or estimated.

In many parts of the forests the ground was littered with the bodies. Nearby villages found the smell unpleasant. For some reason great numbers of the dying rabbits crawled out on the roads, so many that cars couldn't avoid running over them. Then the blood and fur on tires and mudguards carried the infection to distant places.

BY LATE SUMMER the disease had spread over a great part of France. Some areas were spared, at least for the time, especially in mountain regions where insects were not so prevalent.

The nearly 2,000,000 hunters, the millions who kept rabbits, the furriers, the felt-makers, the sporting-goods industry — all joined in frenzied appeals that the government do something about it. The government had already been trying. Early in the year the Ministry of Agriculture had been alerted. They tried to enclose infected areas with wire fences.

They tried to kill all the rabbits around an area of infection. It was ordered that all rabbit corpses be burned — until there were so many that it was impossible. Transportation of infected or dead rabbits was forbidden. All those measures proved completely useless.

Then the government turned to vaccination: the project of finding a vaccine that would immunize rabbits against the plague. It was put up to the Pasteur Institute. And there at last a glimmer of hope appeared. Some things were known about myxomatosis. Its virus had been discovered in the Argentine in 1898. Much had been learned about it by Dr. Richard E. Shope of the Rockefeller Institute.

A task force in the Pasteur Institute, headed by Dr. Pierre Lépine, went to work and produced a vaccine. A well rabbit, inoculated with it in the laboratory, seemed to have an almost complete immunity.

But outside the laboratory it didn't work quite so well. The vaccine was difficult to transport because it had to be kept refrigerated; it quickly lost its efficacy. It was practicable for those who raised rabbits on a large scale, but for the masses — the typical peasant far from the Paris laboratories who kept a hutch of a dozen rabbits — it wasn't much good. And of course it was no good at all for wild rabbits. It would be quite a job to catch a million rabbits and inoculate them.

THE spread of the plague slowed during the winter of 1952-53. In the spring, with the return of the insects, myxomatosis resumed its deadly march across France.

There was no longer much hope of saving the wild rabbits. To save at least part of the domestic ones the Pasteur Institute was working night and day. By August, 400,000 rabbits had been inoculated. But outside of the laboratory only about two-thirds of the inoculations were effective.

In the summer of '53 the plague leaped the frontiers of France. Belgium and Luxembourg had rabbit populations comparable to that of France. They were doomed. Then the disease crossed the Rhine and spread into Germany. Everywhere it was the same as in France: the smell of death in the forests and fields, the roads covered with feebly crawling rabbits.

The British authorities watched what was happening on the Continent. They felt fairly secure; the Channel would be too wide for the plague to jump. But it happened. Perhaps a cross-Channel wind brought over mosquitoes carrying the infection. More likely it was brought home on the tires and mudguards of British cars which had toured in France.

The disease appeared in October '53 on a farm in Kent. Desperate efforts were made to contain it. The farm was enclosed. Armies of men with shotguns beat the bushes,

trying to kill all the rabbits on the farm and for miles around. It was no use. Myxomatosis spread over the country like a ripple in a pool when a pebble is thrown in.

NO ONE KNOWS how far the plague will spread in 1954. Some fear that eventually it will get all the way to Asia. There, too, it would be a major calamity. In several Asiatic countries rabbit is the only meat the poor man ever gets.

France is taking stock of its losses. The 1,850,000 hunters, rage in their hearts, have hung up their guns. Hotels in many hunting districts have closed. One company making shells recently discharged 750 employees. The export of rabbit fur is down to a trickle. The Danbury hat-haters are worried about it.

In France there have been unfortunate results from upsetting the balance of nature. Foxes, hawks, owls and other predators, deprived of young rabbits, have paid more attention to poultry. Today it is harder than it used to be to raise chickens, ducks, geese. But the most important effect of the rabbit plague is the loss of meat. You can't take away from a country millions of pounds of cheap meat without affecting the whole economy.

What chance has the rabbit for a come-back in France? For the domestic rabbit there is some hope. The Pasteur Institute is improving its vaccine, making it easier to keep, transport and use. If the average

breeder can inoculate his animals cheaply and easily it won't take long for the doe rabbit to restore the population.

For the wild rabbit the prospects are gloomier. There is talk of importing American rabbits. Our cottontail, a different variety from the European, gets myxomatosis only in a benignant form which doesn't kill or incapacitate. But French farmers don't like the idea. They have heard tall tales of the immense appetite of the cottontail.

Some hope that the European rabbit will gradually develop an immunity to the disease. It is said that in Australia, in the fourth year after the introduction of myxomatosis, some rabbits develop a degree of immunity and the percentage of mortality declines a little. Bad news for Australian sheep farmers but good news for most Frenchmen.

There was, of course, a great outcry against Dr. Delille. Animal lovers said that no individual in all history had caused so much suffering and death. They sought legal means to bring him to account. None were found. So far there is no penal case against him. Dr. Delille at first protested that he hadn't meant to do it, but nevertheless he now asserts that it was a good thing to do. Recently he read a paper before a scientific association arguing how much better off France is without the rabbits.

This year the doctor's plants and shrubs are doing quite well.

Do You Know That...

- ▶ Of fifty-seven times the Soviet Union has used the veto in the United Nations Security Council, twenty-eight of her vetoes were against admission of new countries to U.N. membership.
- ▶ According to a compilation prepared on the basis of the Mao Tse-tung regime's own figures and categories, the Chinese Communists have killed over fourteen million Chinese civilians since 1947, exclusive of casualties of the civil or Korean wars. This includes almost three million "reactionaries" and five million "landlords" and "village despots."
- ▶ Although apparent results in epidemic areas last summer were heartening, health authorities are not convinced that anything has been established as to the effectiveness of gamma globulin as a polio preventive. Since the injections were given to all members of groups which might have been affected, this left no untreated "control" group by which to determine what the normal incidence of cases would have been without the serum.
- ▶ Over 100 defense plants, each with a government contract worth at least half a million dollars, employ workers affiliated with the Communist-dominated electrical union (U.E.) which was expelled from the CIO in 1949 for its political character.
- ▶ As revealed by a series of prosecutions recently, successful attempts are still being made to swindle Indians out of their rightful property, due to the Indians remaining ignorant of the true value of their land.
- ▶ Although it is generally known that Soviet advances in production of the hydrogen bomb can be traced directly to espionage activities of Klaus Fuchs in 1944, few people realize that another British-trained specialist also had a hand in helping the Russians. A Dr. Peter Kapitza, after working in English laboratories for twelve years before World War II, went back to Russia "for a visit" and remained there to become director of the Russian Physical Research Institute.
- ▶ The Soviet government made a tidy profit of about 45 million dollars out of buying Israeli oranges cheap and selling them dear to the Russian public, who rarely get fresh fruit.
- ▶ Over a quarter of a million Americans are alive and well five or more years after receiving treatment for cancer.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

In the Mercury's Opinion . . .

I HAD A DREAM

By Russell Maguire



I AM NOT a student of the physiology or the psychology of dreams; but I know that odd shapes and odder perspectives often people the realm of sleep. At times, I have entertained a strong suspicion that a melted cheese sandwich at bedtime may be casually related to the topsyturvy world of dreams. I have also heard of the role of suppressed desire in this phenomenon called dreaming.

At any rate, I dreamed:

— That the New York *Herald-Tribune* reviewed an anti-Communist book favorably;

— That Robert Maynard Hutchins relaxed from the hysteria which leads him to see an anti-Communist under every bed;

— That Harry S. Truman apologized to the American people for his promotion of Harry Dexter White;

— That the Ford Foundation made a substantial grant of funds for the study of the Communist conspiracy;

— That one of the major Protestant denominations passed a resolution warning its clergymen against their becoming dupes of the Communist-front apparatus;

— That Edward R. Murrow could no longer be heard tomorrow;

— That the New York *Times* waxed editorially indignant over Communist infiltration into Government;

— That Harvard University decided to fire its pro-Communist professors;

— That Alger Hiss confessed;

— That the leaders of the Communist Party took an overdose of sleeping pills;

— That United Nations headquarters were moved to Little America;

— That Norman Thomas decided to go abroad for ten years, to recuperate from thirty years of overworking his voice;

— That the Americans for Democratic Action dissolved;

— That Great Britain withdrew its recognition of Red China;

— That the New York *Post* folded;

— That ex-Communists were no longer held to be more dangerous than Communists;

— That the Washington *Post* praised Joe McCarthy;

— That Socialists ceased their ballyhoo about being a bulwark against Communism;

— That Molotov purged Malenkov and vice versa;

— That I was not dreaming.

Thomas E. Whelan

AN AMBASSADOR IN SHIRTSLEEVES



By Patrick McMahon



IF you should happen to spend a few days in Managua, Nicaragua, this year, it is almost certain that sooner or later you will notice a ruddy-faced, genial-looking man in a battered Panama hat and shirt-sleeves, walking briskly along the streets, or through the lobby of the Gran Hotel.

You will notice him because he will look for all the world like a moderately prosperous farmer from the Middle West (which indeed he is) and you will wonder what in hell a moderately prosperous farmer from the Middle West is doing in Managua, Nicaragua.

You will notice him particularly, because wherever you chance to see him, he will be greeted by a chorus of hails from bootblacks and politicos, bellhops and bankers, army officers, truck drivers, laborers and women of all ages, the shabbily as well as the expensively dressed.

"*Buenas Dias, Señor Tomas!*" "*Allo Señor Tom!*" "*Como esta mi amigo?*"



And if you chance to ask some bystander who the gentleman in the battered Panama hat is, regardless of the particular bystander's station in life, the answer is sure to be something like this:

"That is Señor Tomas W'ay-lan, el Embajador Americano. 'E is my var-r-ry good fran'."

In those last six words, your informant will have summed up, as graphically and as accurately as an entire magazine article can do, the peculiar brand of diplomacy of U. S. Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan — a brand of diplomacy that has proven most effective in one of the critical and strategic areas of the world. He not only has won the confidence of the Nicaraguan government, but he also has convinced Nicaraguans of all classes that he, and the people of the United States whom he represents, are their "var-r-ry good fran's."

During his two years in Nicaragua, Tom Whelan has not confined himself to diplo-

matic functions and official activities — although he is equally effective in both. He has gotten down to the grass roots, as the politicians like to say, and mingled with the people of every strata; with laborers, businessmen, students, professional people, women's groups, and particularly with farmers.

Farmer Whelan enjoys chatting with the Nicaraguan farmers — the humble peon as well as the prosperous planter — in farmer's language; discussing farm problems; swapping information about farm techniques; telling them how they do it up in North Dakota, and hearing from them how they do it down in Nicaragua.

In the predominantly agricultural country of Nicaragua, Ambassador Whelan's knowledge of farming and his interest in all phases of agriculture have proven more valuable to U. S. interests than ever could the diplomatic adroitness of a Talleyrand or a Machiavelli.

As a result partly of Tom Whelan's brand of diplomacy, and partly of the unswerving friendship of President Anastasio Somoza, Nicaragua today is one of the few places in the world where the United States not only is respected for its might, but also is sincerely admired and cordially liked.

LIKE many a successful diplomat, Thomas E. Whelan comes from Irish stock, though he is as typically Middle Western as the wheat of

his native state. He was born in, bred in, and still lists as his legal residence, the town of St. Thomas, North Dakota, where he and his brother, Louis, have a small but prosperous wheat farm and a grain elevator. He obtained a law degree from the University of North Dakota, although he never practiced, concentrating on farming and North Dakota politics, instead. At the time of his appointment by Democratic President Truman, Tom Whelan was the State Chairman of the Republican Party.

Tom Whelan's venture into diplomacy came about through a curious set of circumstances, with high political overtones. The senior Senator from North Dakota, William Langer, long a thorn in the side of the orthodox wing of the party, had frequently jumped the partisan fence to support President Truman on controversial issues. Mr. Truman was a man who recognized, and paid, his political obligations. He asked Senator Langer, one day, what he wanted. The Senator replied that as far as he knew, there had never been a U. S. ambassador from North Dakota. He wanted an ambassador. Truman said O.K.

But Senator Langer is a political foe of his Republican colleague from North Dakota, Senator Milton R. Young. After months of bickering, the only man in all North Dakota upon whom they could agree was Tom Whelan, whose principal qualification at the time

was the fact that he and his wife had recently made an extended tour of South America. Thus Whelan became Ambassador to Nicaragua.

When Tom Whelan reported at the White House, just prior to being sworn in, Democrat Truman smiled at him sourly and remarked, with typical Trumanesque bluntness, "I don't know why in hell I'm giving *you* this job when there are so many good, deserving Democrats who would like to have it."

Whelan grinned back, "I don't know why in hell you're giving it to me, either, Mr. President."

However sound his reasons for making it, President Truman's appointment of Whelan as Ambassador to Nicaragua proved to be one of the most fortunate appointments in his tenure of office. For, although few officials in the State Department realized the fact, the Communist program for taking over all of Central America and Panama was already well under way. They had achieved complete control over the government of Guatemala, in the north. Their plans for gaining dominance in Costa Rica, at the extreme southeast, had been mapped out (and are now rapidly being effected). Red agitators and propagandists were flowing from Guatemala into Honduras and El Salvador, daily, hammering away at weak spots in those two countries. Whelan quickly sized up the situation, evaluated it correctly, and decided that the one strong point in Central America

that could check the Communist advance was Nicaragua, and its vigorously anti-Communist, pro-U. S. president, Somoza.

FROM the day of his arrival Whelan liked the Nicaraguans and the Nicaraguans liked him. A very, very lucky thing, for at the outset the fledgling ambassador was confronted with an extremely delicate problem, which if bungled, could have had disastrous consequences.

Whelan was preceded in Nicaragua by the State Department's new Point Four program. Thirty U. S. officials were already on the spot, some of them able men, some of them a bit on the dreamy side, and all of them filled with eagerness and enthusiasm. Plans had already been approved to expand the number to sixty. Two-thirds of the space in the largest office building in Managua had been leased. Interpreters, bilingual secretaries, stenographers, typists, clerks, messengers and chauffeurs were being hired right and left. More than fifty projects were in the works, and many of them, Whelan quickly decided, were so visionary in nature that they were far more likely to create disillusionment than good will.

Moreover, the whole approach was wrong, in Whelan's view. Our people were coming down to Nicaragua, setting up their own show, and preparing to do the things they believed were necessary to raise

the living standards of the “backward” Nicaraguans.

The crux of Whelan’s problem was this: Throughout the post-war years the United States had been handing out, freely, huge slices of its financial cake to Europe, and to a lesser extent Asia and the Middle East. To Latin America we scattered a few crumbs. Just about the smallest crumbs of all were the few we tossed to Nicaragua, the country that has been our most consistent supporter in international disputes. And one of the biggest crumbs that we gave to Nicaragua was the Point Four program, which has varied from \$300,000 to \$600,000 a year (less than we have been spending in some countries every few hours).

So Whelan was faced with the alternatives of either allowing ill-advised projects to be continued, or, by suspending them, cutting Nicaragua’s tiny crumb in half—at least temporarily. If he decided on the latter course, the greatest danger would be that of an unintentional slight to sensitive Latin American pride.

Whelan wasted no time debating the two alternatives. He was a practical farmer and a practical politician. He chose the practical course, the one most likely to pay lasting dividends in the long run. Using a judicious mixture of Middle Western bluntness and Irish charm, he set about convincing the Nicaraguan officials of the need

to cut out the boondoggles and concentrate on the basic, worthwhile projects. He met almost daily with the President and various Cabinet officers—sometimes with the entire Cabinet in official session. He pointed out that Nicaragua was matching U. S. contributions dollar for dollar and that Nicaragua could much less afford to waste its funds than could the U. S.

EVEN more important, Whelan reorganized the whole Point Four approach in Nicaragua, by eliminating unnecessary personnel, abandoning the broad-scale program technique, and getting a Point Four business manager to supervise remaining personnel and screen proposed projects. Now every project that has been approved is being administered and effected by the Nicaraguans themselves. When U. S. know-how is needed, an expert is brought down from the States. But instead of setting up his own program, he is assigned to the proper agency of the Nicaraguan government as an adviser, to help them carry out the job. Sometimes it is necessary for the U. S. expert to organize a new agency to undertake the task, sometimes he must help re-organize existing agencies, to improve efficiency. But the point is, the real work is being done by the Nicaraguans, and when the experts complete their assignments, or when the Point Four program terminates, the local agencies will

have acquired the necessary know-how to carry on the work.

It is axiomatic in the Foreign Service that about 50% of an ambassador's success or failure depends on his wife. In that respect Tom Whelan has more than his share of Irish luck. Mabel Stewart ("Mibbs") Whelan is as peculiarly fitted to be the ambassador's wife in Managua, Nicaragua, as her husband is to be the ambassador. She is a lady with great natural charm and dignity and a complete lack of stuffiness. And she is as much at home in the beautiful U. S. Residence in Managua, as she was in her North Dakota farmhouse.

One of the nicest things that can be said about Mrs. Whelan is that she not only is popular with the ladies of the official and diplomatic set, but she is immensely popular with the girls at the U. S. embassy as well.

There is also another very nice thing that can be said about Mrs. Whelan that has won a host of friends in Nicaragua for herself, her husband and for the United States. Throughout the hot, dry season, when the searing tropical sun turns Nicaragua's roads to powdery dust, she sets aside one day a week to bring groups of 75 to 100 orphans from the institutions near Managua to the Residence to splash and frolic in the swimming pool. After the swim she serves them luncheon, and after lunch, puts them to bed for their siesta. Then, another swim, and games.

NEXT to his wife and his farmer background, Tom Whelan's greatest asset in Managua is the fact that he is the chief of the volunteer fire department of St. Thomas, North Dakota. Nicaragua is a country of volunteer fire departments. Each is made up of a democratic collection of lawyers, doctors, mechanics, truck drivers, farmers, public officials, bankers, union leaders and even an occasional priest. When the fire alarm rings, those on duty dash wildly to the scene, donning helmets and gear en route, and once there, they attack the blaze with typical Latin recklessness and enthusiasm, and with a truly surprising degree of efficiency.

Well, it seems that one night the lads of the North Dakota Volunteer Firemen's Association were in a somewhat festive mood, and they wrote their colleagues of the Nicaraguan Volunteer Firemen's Association to be sure and take good care of their boy Tom. And a few days after Tom's arrival in Managua, a serious grass fire threatened to engulf the U. S. Residence. But in the proverbial nick of time, the Managua fire-laddies arrived, quickly got the blaze under control before any serious damage was done. Then they courteously refused the donation that the ambassador wanted to make to the Managua Fire Department, and just as courteously accepted his invitation to drop in for cocktails a few days later.

The evening of the cocktail party, the entire Managua Fire Department, in full regalia and with every piece of apparatus, came roaring up the hill on which the Residence is perched, with sirens screaming and bells clanging. They took turns spelling each other in the radio car, keeping in touch with headquarters while the party was on. Then, at the conclusion, Managua Fire Chief Joachim Vigil (a prominent Managua attorney) presented Ambassador Whelan with a gold-plated badge, making him an honorary chief of the Fire Department.

This year Tom returned the courtesy. On his return from Washington he presented Managua *Jefe* Vigil with a badge and a scroll, making him the first honorary fire chief in the history of the Washington, D. C., Fire Department.

And it is really surprising the effect that little things like that can have on frequently complicated political problems that arise between two friendly countries.

HOWEVER, there is a great deal more to the Whelan diplomacy than just being a good fellow. He is a good listener, and a shrewd political analyst. Through his many friends in the diplomatic missions, he keeps close track of events in every country in Central America, particularly the moves of the Communists. For two years his cables

have been accurately forecasting the Communist program in Central America.

It is pretty generally known in Washington that Ambassador Whelan does not always see eye to eye with the State Department on policy matters. But whatever the differences may be, you will hear nothing of them from Whelan. He does not believe in publicly disputing the decisions of his superiors. Whatever he has to say is said directly to the responsible officials in Washington. There are reports that it is sometimes said with considerable vigor and an occasional flash of Irish temper. More often, though, it is with that same blunt affability that has won him so many friends in Managua.

So, if that gentleman in shirt-sleeves and the battered Panama hat, hurrying along the streets of Managua, does not quite come up to your preconceived idea of a diplomat — striped pants, oxford jacket and black Homburg, oozing dignity and distinction all over the place — do not be too disturbed. He is doing the job he was sent here to do; protecting the interests of his country, and drawing tighter the bonds of friendship that bind us with a neighboring nation.

And he is doing that job in a way that has won the respect even of the old pros in the State Department back home.

THE SOVIET “PEACE OFFENSIVE” IN THE ARTS



By Egon Hostovsky

GREAT CHANGES are taking place in the “face” of Soviet propaganda. Malenkov has applied a thick coat of pancake makeup to the “peace offensive”—and the good little culture peddlers of Russia and the satellite states are pushing it for all it is worth. The same ugly features are behind the new makeup—but the West isn’t supposed to know this.

Recently, Ilya Ehrenburg wrote an article for a literary magazine, the *Literarni Noviny*, chief organ of the Czechoslovak writers’ union, reversing the line on Western culture. Until then, the Soviet cultural press had been full of attacks on “bourgeois decadent art” while lauding the superlative nature of “Socialist realism.” Anything short of the “Marxist-Leninist line” in literature, music, and painting was anathema—and an invitation to the slave labor camps of Siberia.

Ehrenburg, who has been called the cultural “pace setter” of the Soviet Union, thrust all this aside

by sharply criticizing the rigidity of the once highly-touted Marxist product. He admitted, with Socialist caution, that Soviet literary art was lacking in both form and content. And he even conceded that there were some non-Communist writers in the decadent West who deserved respect from Communists.

Backtracking energetically, he wrote what just a few months ago would have been considered rank heresy. “Every society, in the course of its development, eventually reaches a period of artistic flowering—a period both of victory and of harmony. Such epochs can be considered as the high noon of a culture’s growth. Soviet society is only now just passing through its earliest dawn. From a historical viewpoint, a few decades are after all only a very short time indeed. That is why our Soviet writers are not more than pioneers and also why we have not produced any Pushkins and Tolstoy as yet.”

This is surprising talk from the

propagandist of a regime which has been proclaiming steadily that Soviet culture was at its high noon already, frying nothing but masterpieces on the hot pavement — to the eternal envy of the decadent and paralyzed West. This utterance alone would have caused the Great Zhdanov to scream of cosmopolitanism — shameful and disgusting since it treats the Soviet artistic output so cavalierly. But Ehrenburg went even further:

"In the period between the first and the second World Wars, many authors of the last century were still producing quite outstanding works, such as those of Rolland, G. B. Shaw, Hamsun, H. G. Wells, Roger Martin du Gard, Galsworthy, Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, and Pirandello. Even America gave birth to a number of unique novels in this period, works such as those of Hemingway, Caldwell, Steinbeck, and Faulkner."

Of course, Ehrenburg rushed on to say that these writers are no longer allowed to write according to the dictates of their consciences — a statement not to be brushed aside entirely since a significant number of them are somewhat dead. But it is important that Ehrenburg dares to mention with praise the names of Galsworthy and Faulkner, of the Catholic Martin du Gard, and of the Nazi Hamsun.

CLEARLY, Ehrenburg is not writing merely to edify his captive audience. He has been given a mis-

sion by the highest authorities. This is nothing new for a man who has occupied a very special and privileged position, as well as considerable tactical freedom. In the past, he has been sent out as a sort of ambassador to Western fellow travelers and Western snobs. His mission has been, and still is, to bamboozle the Western intelligentsia and to pour sand into their eyes.

It is perhaps of consequence that Ehrenburg is the complete cynic — believing in nothing and ready to do anything. During the war, Franz C. Weiskopf, the writer and former Czechoslovak Ambassador to China, met Ehrenburg in New York. The Soviet journalist was then busy waging a fountain-pen war against the Germans, all of whom he described as "beasts." This was the Party line until the Soviets began turning nasty Nazis into courageous Communists in the Eastern Zone of Germany. Weiskopf, a German from Prague, apologetically asked Ehrenburg if he would be willing to shake hands with a man whose blood was so tainted. Whereupon Ehrenburg took him by the arms and said: "Franz, what makes you think that I believe everything I put down on paper?"

Ehrenburg managed to survive Soviet anti-Semitism without any difficulty, just as he had survived a journalistic between-wars record of sitting it out in Paris, blasting the Soviet regime, and calling Stalin a butcher. The Communists didn't

even bother to forgive him for these grave sins. The Party needed him, and he was ready to be used. Some of his Soviet colleagues tried to do away with him when he returned to wartime Moscow, but their attempts ended woefully for them and triumphantly for him. He had Stalin's blessings then and he appears to have Malenkov's now. As a soldier in the peace offensive, he has been assigned the job of re-winning those Western artists and writers who have begun to sour on Soviet cultural bragging. Picasso meekly took the pasting from the comrades over his portrait of Stalin — but others were slightly upset by the performance.

THE NEW cultural line being peddled by Ehrenburg is a recognition of the fact that if a new Popular Front is set up — and this seems to be the present Soviet strategy — it can only be accomplished with the aid of the Western intellectuals who so gullibly did the Kremlin's work during the 1930's. Divorced of its fancy verbiage, the song Ehrenburg is singing to the West can be paraphrased thus:

"We Soviet artists are not always Olympian gods and you over there in the West are not so completely terrible. You Westerners aren't so bad off if only you refresh yourself at the fountain of Bolshevism. Take a man like Jean-Paul Sartre, for instance. He was once a miserable, shabby, and decadent existentialist.

He once described the Communists as hired assassins in a play called *Dirty Hands*. In short, he was a perfect stinker.

"But take a look at him now. He has become a great writer again, and we are happy to recognize his genius ever since he was rejuvenated at the Vienna Peace Congress. He attacks the warmongers almost as well as we do.

"Join us then, you champions of Western culture. Your own people won't really mind because they are afflicted with hypertrophy of taste and conscience. We'll welcome you with open arms. Your works will be published in Prague and Warsaw, paying good royalties, just as Thomas Mann's have been. Actually, we don't have the slightest interest in what he writes, but it was a good bargain to have him in our club.

"All we have to do is to pretend that your art is better than ours, but ours is more functional than yours. And who cares about art, anyway. If we can come to some agreement, then we can invite you to those marvelous Moscow banquets again — with all that caviar and applause and champagne and applause — and more applause. Besides, big issues are at stake — such as peace, for instance. On second thought, leave the peace to us. Just come to those lovely banquets. We might even have Sartre along. Tennis, anyone?"

That line worked once before. Ehrenburg must feel pretty sure that it will work again.



WRITERS' VILLAGE

By Guy Priest

IT LIES in a green valley among the hills near Woolacombe on the coast of North Devon in England, secluded and remote until some years after the first World War, and then almost unknown beyond the market town of Barnstaple and the fringes of Exmoor. Today its several names — Ham, Ham St. George, Georgeham — are familiar throughout the English-speaking world. Such is the power of the written word.

In those early nineteen-twenties, motor cars were rarely seen in the village, their infrequent appearance occasioning as much interest as would the arrival today of a post chaise with postillion and outriders. It was then a commonplace to see cob or Exmoor pony, sometimes barebacked, tethered to rings in the walls opposite the two village inns.

Now, in high summer, you'll find those narrow roads congested with the parked, streamlined forms of numerous automobiles, and hear the sound of radios where once the only music was the blackbird fluting

in the elms above the churchyard wall. So the arm of progress turns full circle, and there has grown up a generation of village folk to whom the pony and jingle are as unfamiliar as the vanished barrel organ, or the harvest supper in the big corn barn.

Nevertheless, advancing town ideas were slow to penetrate to the village, for it lies on a by-road, and indeed, only during the past few years has it been served by a regular bus service, running to Braunton — the "Largest Village in England" — and beyond.

To this isolation among the hills, approached only by field paths and sunken narrow lanes — in some of which the red ironstone surfacing still bore the grooves cut by the slide-cars or wheel-less carts of a previous century — the village owed much of its charm, its absence of discordant influences and the abrasive contacts so inseparable from life today.

So its cottages and farms, many half-timbered with eaves of thatch, clustering about the tall grey church

tower with its elms and its stream singing down the valley, formed at once a retreat and a haven wherein a man might formulate his thoughts unhindered, receiving inspiration from sunlight and birdsong and stars shining in the blue dusk over the high downs towards the sea. And so here it was that they came, a small company of writers and poets — and for them Ham became home.

In an ancient and most interesting volume to be found in the British Museum in London, *Descriptions of Devonshire*, by Sir William Poole of Colcombe and Shute, KNT, who died in A.D. 1635, it is recorded: "Ham St. George, Robert de Edington held on Knight's fee of the Manor of Torrington, wch Galfride de Ham held in King Henry 2 tyme."

Today, associations of the village with its patron saint are proudly proclaimed by the standard flying from the church tower, and the decorative painted sign showing St. George vanquishing the dragon, which forms an imposing picture outside the village institute.

OF THE LIFE of the village, its people and character, and of the countryside immediately surrounding it — woodland and down, estuary and seashore, saltmarsh and river — much has already been written by pens more skilled than mine. Surely, in proportion with its size, Georgeham has had more words written about it than any other village in England. This lovely corner

of Devonshire has been recreated again and again: cottage hearth, inn bar, heathered down, golden sands, precipitous cliffs — all are there.

And so, seeking these things for ourselves in these after years, we still may find them today — the wide sands of Vention, delight of hundreds of holidaymakers each summer; peregrine falcons climbing the blue spaces above towering Baggy Point; wildflower and brook, and honey-scented downs rising from curling Atlantic breakers. On broad wings, feathers spread like the fingers of a hand, buzzards mew as they wheel their golden spirals in the evening glow above Spreycombe Wood; and the white owl still fans about the church tower in the blue dusk, called "dimmitry" — though this word, like many another olden and beautiful, is today almost lost to common usage under the influence of commercial jargon.

But for those who love this land — and their name is legion — this is a countryside ancient yet ever young. A warm, sweetly scented land of friendly folk whose *burring* West Country speech charms the ear; of deep winding lanes between thickset hedges laced with honeysuckle and fuchsia; of yellow "scrumpy" cider and clotted cream; of wooded hilltop and wide horizons that embrace a man from sunrise over Exmoor to Atlantic sunset and the eve star shining over the sea.

All this is Devon, and so will always be.



IS THE FOOT-SOLDIER *Obsolete?*

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

WHAT does the much-discussed “new look” mean to the U.S. Army? Are the new weapons — the A-bomb and the H-bomb, the guided missile, and radar-controlled, supersonic, jet-propelled aircraft — pushing the time-tested infantry-armor-artillery team out of the military picture? In a word, have ground troops and fighting on the ground become obsolete as far as American military needs are concerned?

The answer to that question is “No.” But it’s an answer that has to be supported by taking a careful look — a “new look,” if you like — at American policy and American objectives.

We could hardly decide what tools we might need with which to build a house until we had decided what

kind of house we wanted. Military forces are the tools of national policy. They are extremely expensive tools, and no nation wants more of them than it needs for the kind of job it has to do, or wants the wrong kind. History is full of warnings of what happens when the wrong choices are made. Thus in the years before 1914, the Germans decided they needed a battleship fleet — about as expensive a bad guess as they could have made. When war came, their costly fleet was not strong enough to wrest command of the sea from the British Navy, and it spent four years in inglorious inaction. Had the money wasted on useless battleships been spent to increase the numbers of the one naval weapon Germany could hope to use effectively — the submarine — it



might well have provided the margin of victory.

No nation, however rich, can afford to expend enough of its resources year after year on unproductive military power to enable it to be supreme on land, on the sea, and in the air at one and the same time; unless, of course, as Rome did, it has succeeded in eliminating all substantial rivals.

This principle of "you can't have everything" may sometimes run counter to the national instinct of wanting to be secure against any exigency. This is especially true when collective security is considered by an association of governments. It is all very well for the United States and Britain to argue with the Dutch, for example, that Holland needs no navy except minesweepers, since American and British naval forces are ample to defend Holland's sea approaches. The deep-rooted Dutch instinct for the sea still requires the maintenance of a substantial Dutch fleet, however soundly based may be the argument that the money would be better expended on interceptor aircraft or infantry battalions.

SO TODAY, Americans — contemplating a navy as supreme on the sea as any navy could hope to be, and with the world's second naval power our faithful ally; contemplating also the world's most powerful long-range air force, and an industrial and technical production base which is fully capable of maintaining

almost any kind of fighting power we might need — must still remember that in three wars, World Wars I and II and Korea, the final arbiter as far as we were concerned was the American soldier on the ground with the weapons of land-warfare under his control. There is a tendency to say, "We do not know when, where, how or under what conditions we may have to fight. Therefore let us be ready to fight any time, any place, in any fashion and under any conceivable conditions. Let us have some of everything, from H-bombs to carbines."

The trouble is that if we have *enough* of everything, our economy will crack under the strain, and if we don't have enough of the right things our policy will be enfeebled and we might get licked in a war. That's really what the "new look" is all about: an attempt to make a choice on a more sensible basis than just putting an arbitrary ceiling on the military budget and then splitting the budgetary pie into three roughly equal slices.

There is no use trying to hide from the fact that we are living in a period of military revolution. It isn't just an atomic, or thermo-nuclear revolution; it is a triple revolution, the nuclear revolution plus the electronic revolution plus the jet-propulsion revolution. Far more powerful weapons (A-bombs and H-bombs) can be much more accurately directed over longer dis-





tances (electronics) and move at speeds which would have been incredible just a few years ago (jet propulsion). It is natural that we, with the world's highest standard of living, should wish that no actual war with such weapons should ever be fought. Our primary purpose, therefore, is a deterrent purpose: to prevent any other power from resorting to war as an instrument of its policy. Specifically, at present, this means deterring the Soviet Union from resorting to war as a means of accomplishing its primary objective of world domination.

LET US EXAMINE the true nature of a deterrent military policy. It operates not on our own minds, but on those of the enemy leaders, the men who make the Soviet decisions. It is effective only as long as it holds them back from reaching decisions that would be contrary to our interests. It is our Big Stick. But the enemy, as long as he continues to hold to the purposes which it prevents him from accomplishing, will never cease figuring out how he can duck inside its swing, or paralyze the arm which swings it, or so protect himself that it can't hurt him too much.

One such series of enemy calculations — purely as a hypothetical example — might run something like this: "Of the total nuclear capability of the U.S., 50% (let us say) depends on overseas bases in the British Isles

and Western Europe. Of the remaining 50%, we can neutralize half (25% of the total) by defensive action. Therefore if we can, by surprise, knock out all the bases in the British Isles and Western Europe, we will cut down the weight of the Big Stick by 75%. The rest of its impact we can absorb and keep on going until we have conquered all Western Europe and hold the population thereof as hostages to prevent any further nuclear assault upon us."

The decisive factor in this calculation, it will be seen, is not the Big Stick itself but the ability of the NATO forces to defend the air bases from any form of surprise attack. It may, of course, be contended that the bulk of these defensive capabilities should be the responsibility of our allies and not of American forces. There is sound logic in this view — except for one other very important consideration. Part of the deterrent effects of our policy must lie in the degree to which we are able to convince the enemy that if he does so-and-so, he gets hit with the Big Stick. If he thinks we won't use it, we might as well not have it.

The best guarantee for our friends and the best convincer for the enemy that any attack on our allies involves immediate retaliation by the full force of U.S. power is the actual presence of substantial U.S. ground and tactical air forces in such locations that they would be immediately involved in





any Soviet assault on Western Europe.

Consider the character of the American decisions which must be contemplated: (1) if the attack cannot be made without it being a direct attack on substantial U.S. forces, no American government could hesitate — the decision to strike back would be automatic; but (2) if no U.S. forces were there, if the attack were purely on the forces and territory of an ally, then it is possible to imagine political and economic conditions in the U.S. which might cause the government of that day (whose political complexion cannot be foreseen) to take time out to decide whether or not, in this instance, we should use the Big Stick.

THUS a deterrent policy, as the major objective of our military expenditures, must include not only the striking forces which we have called the Big Stick, but also the means for making sure that under all conceivable conditions we shall be able to use the Big Stick so that there will be no chance for the enemy to indulge in any wishful thinking — to his own and our own destruction in an atomic holocaust. If overseas bases must be chiefly protected by the people in whose territory they are located, we must nevertheless actively participate in that defense.

And finally, of course, we must also be able, on our own, to protect

our home territory, bases, and industrial production against whatever kind and scale of attack we may consider the enemy capable of delivering; which involves, again, an elaborate air defense establishment, a sound Civil Defense organization, and the essential police and internal security forces against sabotage and subversion.

We cannot afford to permit the enemy to indulge in any illusions that he can, by any form of attack on our home territory, so reduce our offensive capabilities that he can absorb the balance. Nor is this all, for there is yet another enemy calculation which we must be prepared to counter. He might — if he became sufficiently desperate — think in terms of absorbing our initial blows, provided he could be reasonably sure they could not be sustained.

Now how much — the enemy might ask himself — can our air forces, our submarines, our very considerable and little-noted mine-laying potential, plus sabotage, do to cut down or choke off altogether the flow of American fighting power to Europe and the Middle East? The answer — if the enemy is to be deterred from taking chances — must be in discouraging terms. That means that our anti-submarine and ocean escort capabilities, our mine-sweeping forces and other mine counter-measures, the security of our continental and outlying naval bases and commercial harbors and





those of our allies against any form of attack, must be sufficient to assure the safety of our overseas lines of supply, which, in war, become the lifelines of the North Atlantic Alliance.

Here again, a certain number of ground troops are involved. For example, Iceland in hostile hands would be a threat of no small dimensions to our sea lanes, and the defense of Iceland is in large part a matter of having enough ground troops there to toss an enemy raiding expedition back into the sea. In this case, the ground troops would have to be American; Iceland has no army, and probably cannot (for political reasons) create one.

So our deterrent policy, considered simply as such, seems to demand a well-balanced establishment of air, naval, and ground forces in due proportion, though the percentage of ground forces may be somewhat less than we have hitherto deemed necessary. This, again, is what the "new look" seems to contemplate.

But the deterrent policy isn't everything, either. It might not work; and then we'd have to fight and win a war.

In that case the deterrent forces become merely the first-line weapons with which we hammer the enemy while mobilizing and deploying against him the whole of our national fighting power.

What we do not possess in the way of regular fighting forces for all these

purposes must be made up from reserve forces—from the citizen forces, such as the National Guard, which have always been the backbone of our fighting power in any major conflict. If, for the sake of maintaining a powerful Big Stick for deterrent effect, and because the national economy has limits to its military expenditures, we reduce the number of our ground forces in the regular establishment, it follows that ground forces must be given a proportionately larger place in the reserve establishment—to the extent, that is, that forces of this type might be needed in a full-dress war.

Only ground forces employing the old, old techniques of fire-power plus mobility are capable of taking and holding ground, and the appearance of atomic tactical weapons on the battlefield does not alter this basic truth. Ground blasted by atomic fire-power must still be physically occupied by troops before it can be considered secure. Enemy troops shaken by atomic fire-power must be hit and dispersed by our own forces before they recover.

THERE has been a tendency to assume that our announced determination, in case of further armed aggression, to "retaliate by means and at times and places of our own choosing" means simply dumping nuclear weapons on Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and other Soviet cities and industrial centers.





But this not necessarily the whole story; it might not be the story at all.

If the destruction of the enemy's armed forces and of his will to win is indeed the object of all military operations, one means of doing this might very well be the application of tactical-type atomic weapons to his military establishment.

For just one example, the whole of Eastern Germany and of Poland and the lands along the Baltic shores is a region crammed with Soviet barracks, air bases, naval facilities, supply and ammunition dumps, military railways and headquarters. All this area is within comfortable reach of very-high-speed jet aircraft capable of carrying tactical A-bombs. Much of it is also within range of guided missiles capable of carrying atomic warheads with accuracy in any kind of weather. The knowledge that we possess — if and when we get that far — the capability of destroying the bulk of the military establishment essential for any possible Soviet offensive in Western Europe, may in itself have a considerable deterrent effect. This effect will be enhanced by the undoubted fact that a pin-pointed attack on purely military targets, avoiding in large measure any wholesale destruction of civilian lives, would be undertaken by the American people with far less reluctance than an attack on the massed populations of great cities.

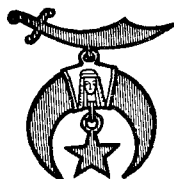
But in any such concept we must not forget that the American forces

in Berlin, and the stout German population of that city, would be hostages in Soviet hands unless the atomic shocks were followed up by a vigorous ground operation before the Soviet forces could recover from the shattering effect.

This is hardly the place for an extended discussion of the tactics of the atomic battlefield. It is clear that whatever happens, we shall still need ground troops of very high quality — and in a major war, a great many of them. Also it is clear that since we must, in the latter case, place great dependence on our National Guard and reserve units, steps have got to be taken to enable these units to attain and maintain a far higher state of peacetime readiness than they have ever had before.

The "new look" may mark a shift in emphasis, a settling down for the long pull during which the fate of the world remains dependent on our ability to preserve freedom without having to fight an atomic war; but it certainly does not mark any decline in the value of ground troops, or any doubt that in any future war, as in the past, the final decision will lie in the hands of the men who are able to go forward with stout hearts amid all the terrors of the modern battlefield to drive the enemy from his positions and to take and hold the good earth from which man now and forever derives his livelihood, and on which all his hopes for the future remain founded.





MEET REMMIE ARNOLD

THE SHRINERS' IMPERIAL POTENTATE

By Harry T. Brundidge

DETROIT was honoring a distinguished guest — Rimmie L. Arnold of Petersburg, Virginia, Imperial Potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Before the banquet (and this was only a few weeks ago), there was a reception for Mr. Arnold in his Presidential Suite at the Hotel Statler. The rooms were crowded with automobile executives and other important Detroiters. As one of the guests inhaled the fragrance of a julep he turned to Mr. Arnold and asked, "Have you been in Detroit before?"

The Imperial Potentate smiled as he answered. "Yes, I've been here several times, beginning away back

in 1914 when I came here to see Henry Ford."

"Mr. Ford? You came to see him?" the questioner went on.

"Yes, I did," Arnold replied, "and

I'll never forget that visit. I didn't stay at the Statler that time, but at a 25-cent flophouse. I was about twenty and ambitious. I had read in my hometown paper that Mr. Ford was going to pay a fabulous \$5-a-day minimum wage. I wanted one of those jobs. I did

not have any money, so I hoboed my way from Petersburg to Detroit. I'd done that before, seeking other jobs, all over the country."

"Did the Ford plant hire you?"



"No. I stood in line for two days and when I finally got to the gate where applications were being taken I was turned down. Guess they sized me up as just another young tramp."

The Detroitier looked at the wilted mint on his julep, shook his head sadly, and whispered:

"What a man Detroit missed."

Mr. Arnold today is sole owner and president of the Remmie Arnold Pen Company of Petersburg, the second largest pen and pencil company in the world — but more about that later.

Nine miles out of Petersburg and 80 miles from Norfolk, between the mountains and the sea on Route 460, there's a sign with a big black bull and the name, Remmie Arnold. This is the "Arnolda Ranch" — 700 acres of gently rolling Virginia farmland. The boarded house is 127 years old. Here Remmie, as he is called by everyone, breeds Aberdeen-Angus beef cattle for commercial sale. He is not the "gentleman farmer" type, but a practical farmer. In normal times one will not find him sipping a julep on the front veranda, nor by a log fire. Remmie is most likely to be found on the hay baler, baling *lespedeza* for winter stock, or on a tractor discing land for the planting of rye, oats or barley.

But these are not normal times. Since his election as Imperial Po-

tentate in New York, last July, Remmie has visited every state in the nation and has been in Canada and Mexico. He has visited nearly 100 of the 165 Temples, 11 Shrine Hospitals for Children and five other such hospitals operated by Shrine Temples. By the time this is published, Remmie will have traveled some 60,000 miles since last July and shaken hands with "just about half of the 700,000 Shriners in North America."

When there is a breather — a rare thing since last July — Remmie likes to sit by a popping log fire and reminisce.

REMMIE LEROY ARNOLD was born in Petersburg, January 25, 1894. His family was very poor. His father, a semi-invalid, labored in a trunk factory. At the age of nine, Remmie worked up a newspaper route in his neighborhood. The newspaper office was downtown and the Arnolds lived on the western edge of the city. Leaving school, Remmie ran most of the way downtown and back to deliver his papers. The nickels, dimes and quarters he earned helped the family finances. Between school and the paper route Remmie found time to pick up a few more odd nickels and dimes and quarters running errands and doing little odd jobs.



The age of decision hit Rimmie at twelve. He decided (1) that he wasn't helping the family too much; (2) that up to then he'd had no time to play like other kids; (3) that if he did not do something about it, he and the family would always be poor; (4) that somewhere, some place, there must be an opportunity for a poor boy. So, as Rimmie figured it out, he would do two things: (1) play hookey and have some fun; (2) after having fun, get a *good* job and really help the family.

"So I played hookey for a long time, had boyish fun, but was caught," Rimmie told the writer. "My mother was notified, and ordered to bring me back to school. She told me about it, told me she was taking me to school next morning. But I knew in my heart I could not face those other kids at school. So early next morning I sneaked out of the house and walked to the Robinson Planing Mill and asked for a job."

Rimmie's brown eyes were dancing.

"They asked me what I could do. 'Anything,' I answered, so they put me to work nailing vegetable crates together. My salary was \$3 a week. I went home that night and told my mother I was finished with school — that I was now a working man. She shook her head sadly, but said it

would be all right. She'd take care of the school people."

That was the end of Rimmie's formal education.

But from that day on, the little boy was looking for an opportunity.

He didn't enjoy nailing crates for vegetables he didn't even like, so he found a job in the Seward Trunk & Bag Company, where his father was operating a saw, cutting wood for the frames of trunks and suitcases. Rimmie — again for \$3 a week — learned to pound in the brass rivets and varnish the products. The suitcases fascinated him only as something he would need in his future travels. So Rimmie quit, and moved over to the Friend Shoe Company (at the same \$3 a week) to learn the shoe business. Soon he reached the conclusion that shoes were only made to walk in, "resigned" and hit the hobo trail in search of Opportunity.

MR. ARNOLD shifted his 202 pounds and his five feet, ten inches. His brown eyes twinkled as he ran his fingers through his hair.

"We were very poor," he said. "I had no education, and we had no rich relatives. At an early age I knew I would have to get up there through my own efforts and I set out to make myself a success, always seeking that first opportunity."



Opportunity didn't knock that first hobo trip and Remmie returned to Petersburg. He decided to learn watch repairing and went to work for A. D. Harding & Co., jewelers, this time for \$2.50 a week. This business didn't tick for him and he went to work in the rug department of Rosenstock's Department Store for \$3.00 a week. The boss pulled the rug out from under him when he asked for a raise — and Remmie was at liberty again.

Remmie decided railroading might be a career. He found a job with the Seaboard Air Line, checking freight, at his very top wage of \$35 a month.

"I had powerful arms and a strong back and while working at that job decided to become a prize fighter. I changed my mind after three knock-outs, all scored by my opponents," Remmie said.

It was during this period that Remmie hoboed to Detroit on his fruitless quest of one of those \$5-a-day jobs with Henry Ford. Returning to Petersburg, he resumed railroading, getting a job with the Norfolk & Western at \$35 a month, but working his way upward until, eventually, his wage was \$65.

"Then at last opportunity knocked," laughed Arnold. "I was offered the general managership of a failing business — the Edison Pen Company of Petersburg. All I knew

about fountain pens was that once upon a time I owned a leaky one, but I knew an opportunity when I saw one. This was what I had been looking for. It gave me a chance to make something out of nothing. This company was making pens priced at from \$2.50 to \$18.00 and was doing a business of about \$10,000 a year, so I was not surprised when I learned my salary as general manager was — \$65 a month."

When Mr. Arnold resigned as president of the Edison Pen Company to found the R. A. Pen Company, Inc., that concern was doing a \$1,000,000-a-year business.

"I had a dream, and a theory," Arnold confided. "My dream was to become the Henry Ford of the fountain pen and mechanical pencil business. My theory was that if I could make pens and pencils cheap enough to put them into every coat pocket or purse in America, I could make money. Today we have 300 employees and are turning out 100,000 ball-point pens every day, pens which retail from nineteen cents to a dollar."

Ask Remmie about a pattern for success and he'll laugh it off with the question, "In the United States?" and answer it with "Hard work, and no clock-watching." And then he will add "I'm baffled by



young men who work for somebody else all their lives. Any young man can do anything he wants to do, and do it better, if he wants to." He believes in young men and all of his top executives *are* young men. Of his farm he says, "It is a dream come true. Even as a run-away I dreamed of a farm and had a desire to get to know nature, about which I knew nothing."

In April, 1918, Rimmie was married to Charlia Lawrence Sears, of Charleston, South Carolina. They have two children: Rimmie, Jr.; and Dorothy, who is Mrs. Robert John Waite. Rimmie, Jr. and Waite run the company while Rimmie, Sr. and Charlia, who according to her husband "can put more clothing into two bags than any other living woman," are gadding about the country on the business of the Imperial Potentate.

Rimmie began his Masonic career at about the time of his marriage, and a listing of his honors would take all of this space. Back in 1939-41 he was Exalted Ruler of the B.P.O.E. (the Elks). A listing of his civic and public service activities would require another page. The

greatest frustration of his life came when, after tramping up and down the corridors of the Pentagon, he was finally informed he was too old to fight for his country. "But I'm not too old to fight for those who are fighting for me," he asserted, and as president of "American War Dads" did a grand job both at home and abroad.

Like Abou Ben Adhem, Rimmie loves his fellow men — with exceptions!

As he tells it: "It was long before I engaged in business for myself that I became aware of the activities of the human termites who were endeavoring to uproot the very foundations of American democracy and the free enterprise system. For decades I have been a determined and implacable enemy of all pinks, reds, and fellow travelers, and all persons of whatsoever origin whose learnings and teachings and sympathies have been socialistic or communistic in character. I have challenged these undesirable elements in our population all my life.

"Communism is an evil thing which free men must resist at all costs."





"If that's a 'red herring,' I'm a North Korean!"



One Road to Victory



Holland in the Caribbean

BY JOHN W. LARSON

OUR SHIP, the *S. S. Atlantic*, 22,000 tons of glistening, flag-bedecked white, had taken us from the wintry February gloom of New York to the sun-drenched Virgin Islands, and thence to the startling, beehive bustle of Caracas, capital of oil-rich Venezuela. Now she was cautiously approaching Curaçao, the Netherlands West Indies island sometimes called a bit of Holland in the blue-green Caribbean.

Beneath us, as we stood braced against the rail of the sun deck, was, indeed, the blue-green Caribbean. To either side of the *Atlantic* — so close you could almost touch them — were immaculately neat quays bordered with narrow-gabled houses built in seventeenth century Holland style. Some were painted in dazzling primary colors, others in subdued pastels, and all were topped with pale-red tile roofs. The streets, as so many people had told us, were obviously maintained with a care

that matched anything you might see in the Netherlands. Brilliant sunlight; blue sky; soft, balmy air. We were aboard a cruise ship. But we were also in Willemstad, capital city of Curaçao.

As we moved up slowly between the two fortresses which from ancient times have sternly guarded the approach to Willemstad, we were suddenly engulfed by the picturesque city. The canal-like water on which we steamed was St. Anna Bay, a natural channel leading from the sea into the huge land-locked basin behind the city. A sharp blast from the *Atlantic's* whistle, and an almost fairy-tale-like causeway, known locally as "Queen Emma," gracefully swung back against the side of the quay, clearing the channel. Possibly nowhere else in the world can you witness a thrill like this quaint pontoon bridge. "Queen Emma" is something unto herself!

Leaving the ship, we were be-

sieged by eager, grinning youngsters handing out leaflets on local sight-seeing pleasures, wine and liquor price lists, perfume lists, jewelry lists, lists of stores with the best buys — and huge, gaily decorated shopping bags. A few steps beyond the gangway waited a fleet of shiny, brand-new American automobiles — Cadillacs, Chryslers, Buicks. In a few minutes we were being whisked to town in a 1954 Buick Roadmaster which our Negro chauffeur told us was his very own.

A SYSTEM of remarkably good roads, plus the startlingly new American cars, make touring the island a matter of comfort and ease. Of course, little time is needed to see Curaçao, largest of the six islands composing the Netherlands West Indies. Thirty-eight miles long, seven miles broad at its widest, and two and a half miles across at its narrowest, Curaçao has an area of 173 square miles.

Surprisingly cosmopolitan, Curaçao has a population of 110,000 souls, comprising between forty and fifty nationalities largely concentrated in Willemstad and its suburbs. The official language is Dutch. English and Spanish are spoken fluently among the island's upper crust, as well as in its clubs, commercial offices, and shops. The native population speaks a dialect known as Papiamentu. This is an utterly incomprehensible mixture of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and English.

Though our stay was brief, we drove around the island for a glimpse of some of its unusual features. On the southern coast we found several bays, actually former valleys through which the sea has poked its tentacles. The longest of these is Schottegat. It pushes slender, probing fingers into the surrounding hills, and forms the excellent harbor of Willemstad.

The northern coast is exposed to the trade-wind-driven surf which crashes along the cliffs with appalling majesty. About a dozen or more hills jut up out of the island here and there, culminating in St. Christoffel Hill which rises to twelve hundred feet. The volcanic base of Curaçao is overlaid, in part, with coral that has hardened to limestone, and in part with sandstone. Occasionally we noticed patches of rich mold suitable for cultivating vegetables and fruits on a small scale. The native vegetation, however, is limited mostly to drought-resistant plants, such as dividivi trees, cacti, agaves, and aloes.

"But what," someone asked, "is that curious smell I catch a whiff of every so often?" Of course, it was nothing other than oil — the product that marked the beginnings of Curaçao's present prosperity. Hadn't we seen the great storage tanks on first entering the harbor?

In 1915, after astonishingly rich oil fields were discovered in and near Venezuela's shallow Lake Maracaibo, oil producers set about look-

ing for a deep-water front. They found it in Curaçao, only 38 miles off the Venezuelan coast. And in 1916, they began building what is now the world's second largest refinery. You can see whole fleets of shallow-draft tankers bringing the crude oil from Maracaibo. After it is refined at Curaçao, the various products are shipped in ocean-going tankers all over the world.

TIME was growing short. We had seen much of the island and learned a lot about why the tiny place is so important to the world. But our visit would not be complete without a few items for those shopping bags. No American tourist could be happy without having at least walked through the shops of Willemstad. And we learned that you cannot do this without buying something in this shopper's paradise.

The glamorous array of a Bagdad bazaar; distinguished shops rivalling the best in New York, Chicago, Dallas, or San Francisco; a happy combination of Old World charm and New World smartness — this is the incredible reality of Punda. Though some of the quaint, store-lined streets are no more than 15 feet wide — a space perilously limited by jams of bulky American cars — and though Punda is the oldest quarter of Willemstad, it is the city's thriving, frenzied shopping center. This day it was noticeably frenzied . . . crowded as it was with tourists disgorged from three

American cruise ships in the harbor.

Was there anything that couldn't be bought here? I think not. And the fact that Curaçao is almost a free port made the whole experience more unbelievable. Except for tobacco and alcoholic beverages, all goods come in under the low duty of 3.3%.

Pushing in and out of the shops, thronged with noisy, excited shoppers, we saw French perfumes; Swiss watches; German cameras; English china; Danish porcelain; alligator handbags; Brazilian and Argentine leather goods; cashmere sweaters; character dolls; Dutch tile; Delft Blue; French and Italian silk scarfs; finer embroideries and delicate laces; German, French, and English binoculars; sumptuous silks and carved ivory from the Orient; superb table linens; and Swedish crystal. How much richer Curaçao's shopkeepers must have been at the end of this day!

As we steamed out of St. Anna Bay at dusk, leaving Willemstad behind, "Queen Emma" obligingly glided back along the quay again for the *Atlantic*. The brilliant blue of the Caribbean sky had become a dazzling gold, her blue-green waters had turned purple. Our ship's flags fluttered colorfully in the gentle breeze which carried the everpresent smell of oil. We looked ahead to Jamaica in the British West Indies. But we knew we could never forget Curaçao, the Holland of the Caribbean.

	BEHIND
THE	RED
	DRAPERIES

BY TRIS COFFIN

BILLY VLAHOS, a wiry ex-prize fighter, and Frank DeMarco, a tall, loose-limbed house painter, had an Alice-in-Wonderland adventure lasting six months. Every time they think of it, their daily expedition into a fantastic world both awes and amuses them. It is like a secret you cannot tell for fear no one will believe you.

I learned of their experience through a contractor who heard of it secondhand. I arranged to see them during a noon lull, and they told me the story over a lunch tray and beers in a downtown cafeteria in Washington.

Billy is a young boss painter who specializes in redecorating the huge old mansions lining Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue in the Capital. He is an aggressive small-

business operator who talks in a clipped, confident tone with a nasal twang. There is no nonsense about him, and he still regards this affair with a kind of amazed disbelief. Frank, his assistant, is quiet and observant and speaks with an easy drawl. He looks on the experience as an imaginative child would an exciting ghost story. Both could be described by sociologists as "typical Americans."

The adventure began after Billy bid on a painting job for the old Pullman Mansion four blocks north of the White House. It is a glowering stone castle whose great windows are tightly screened by red draperies. Life behind those red draperies is the greatest mystery in Washington. The FBI stations its agents across the street in a rooming house

to search for clues. Sight-seeing guides steer visitors by it and recite hair-raising, but purely imaginary, accounts of the activity within. To Washingtonians, it is much like the old haunted house of childhood. This is the Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Vlahos made his arrangements with Ivan Kuzin, a First Secretary, who welcomed the painters with all the strained enthusiasm of a used-car salesman. Billy explained in a rapid burst of words, "He pronounced his name Cue-zen. I thought the guy wanted to sell me something the way he carried on. You'd a thought I was the president of the Riggs National Bank. He smiled all the time, off and on like one of them neon signs. He said he was greeting us in the name of the Russian people and hoped our stay, as fellow workers, would be enjoyable. I wondered if he was trying to kid me, but I saw by his face he was dead serious."

DeMarco broke in, "I figured he was trying to be friendly and not knowing how to do it."

BILLY finished off his hard roll and at my urging described the first day of work.

"For every painter I had there, they had a man watching him. If my man was working in a room, the guard would be sitting on a chair in the room or standing at the entrance. We had four or five men working in the main hallway, and

they had a man at each entrance and on the stairways watching them. I thought we ought to get along with these fellows, you know, like anyone on a job. So I told my apprentice boy, 'Find out what those fellows want when you go out for coffee. Maybe they want a cup or something.'

"The apprentice boy said they didn't want anything, so I told him, 'Just bring them back coffee and offer it to them.'"

Billy shook his head in surprise. "You know, the guards refused to touch the coffee. It just set there until it got cold."

Over a period of a few weeks, the friendly, open nature of the American painters wore down the suspicious reserve of the guards. A series of arguments, even debates, resulted. DeMarco described one: "The Russians thought we made too much money as painters. They thought our weekly salary was for a whole month when I showed my check to the guard. He wouldn't believe that was what I made a week until the other painters came around and backed me up. The guard's salary for a month was less than what I made a week. He kept shaking his head and muttering something in Russian."

Billy Vlahos, more of a man of action than a philosopher, had quite a different kind of experience. He told me, "One day I was carrying a big heavy piece of equipment up the stairs and the guard asked one of

my fellows, 'How can he carry that? He's so little.' The apprentice boy told him I used to be a fighter. The guard came over to me and he said, 'You don't look strong enough,' and he sort of stuck out his chest and doubled up his arm to show me his biceps and just how strong he was. He said, 'How can you fight as small as you are?' and I said friendly like, because I didn't want any trouble, 'Probably the same way you would fight.'

"He took his arm and started to strike me in a gesture showing how they fight in Russia, and I said, 'You can't fight good that way; you can't hurt a man that way,' and he said, 'How would you do it?' So unconsciously I went to show him, and I reckon I hit him harder in his mid-section than I really should and he jumped back and sort of doubled up somewhat, and I said, 'I'm awfully sorry. I didn't realize I hit you so hard.'

"He seemed pretty peeved about it, and one of the painters said, 'Why don't you take him outside, Billy, he gave you a dirty look,' and I said, 'Well, if he understood English probably I would.'

"He must have understood, because he looked real mad, and then he kind of spit at me and said, 'You fool with me, and you die.'"

I ASKED DeMarco how the guards acted with him. He answered, "They always tried to appear as supermen in athletic ways, and, for

instance, they said Joe Louis was never the champion of the world, because he never fought a Russian, and at the Olympic games the colored fellows that won medals were not Americans but Africans, and they would never give us credit at all."

I asked Frank if he argued back, and he replied with a quiet smile, "Well, after two weeks of this, we all started jawing back a little bit, although Billy told us to keep quiet and not get in any arguments with them. We got sort of peeved at the way the Russians always tried to run us down and make themselves better than we were, and they kept asking me about the Progressive Party in this country, and I says that's a very small party. I says we have the Democrats and Republicans, and I says any man on this job can vote any way they want, but you in Russia have to vote one way."

"What did they say to that?" I inquired.

DeMarco said in his slow, easy drawl, "Well, they sort of laughed. When you put something over like that, they kind of laugh at you; they have nothing to say. And they seem to laugh at the truth, like, for instance, Korea. They had a picture on their bulletin board showing paratroopers, United States paratroopers, going into Korea, and they tried to tell me that was the United States invading their homes over there, and I told them it was

the United Nations, and they laughed as if they didn't know what the U.N. was . . .

"Oh, yeah, one guard was talking about Russia being in the lead at the Olympic games for ten days and then losing in the end, and he said if he was in charge of those Russian Olympic athletes he would whip them."

THESE informal discourses on the relative merits of Communism and democracy led to a crisis. There was no direct complaint from the effusive Mr. Kuzin; the reaction was much more subtle. Billy just didn't get all the money agreed to in the contract. There is no legal way to enforce a contract with an Embassy, because of its extraterritorial status; so Vlahos took direct action. He went to the Washington *Times-Herald*, and reported the Soviets were welching on his bill.

"What did Mr. Kuzin say to you after the paragraph appeared?"

Billy responded with pleasure, "He said he was sorry about what he read in the paper, but he thought we could get together and wanted to know why I put that in the paper, and I said, 'Well, you promised to pay me, which you didn't, and just the way you acted I thought it was fair to let the American public know. I didn't believe everything I read about you people, but I sure found out.' So he apologized, putting that smile off and on, and told me to meet him at the Embassy the

next day at 10 o'clock sharp. I was there and waited until about ten minutes to eleven. This man at the door who let me in had called on his telephone four or five times, and I heard him mention the name Kuzin, and he finally came back and told me, 'Go, please.'

"I said, 'I don't understand what you mean,' and he just looked at me poker face and said again, 'Go, please!' So he took me by the elbow and opened the door, and out I went.

"That's the last I've seen of them. I can't get any answer on the telephone; they act like they don't understand what I'm talking about."

Billy shrugged his shoulders and said philosophically, "This job cost me money, but I guess it was worth it finding out what those Russians are like."

DeMarco added thoughtfully, "Yes, and I always figured the newspapers maybe overdid it a little about the Russians, but I find what the papers say is the truth, and I think what happened at the Embassy was on a smaller scale what life would be like in Russia. If anyone would like a pair of eyes watching them all the time and have iron bars around all the windows and steel shutters, well, it's just like prison."

Billy shook his head in approval and said, "If I was in that Embassy very long, I'd bust loose and get in a hell of a fight. I can't stand being watched over all the time."



ONE of the most electrifying events to skyrocket across the American educational scene in many a year was the scintillating debut of the Ford Foundation with its huge, juicy plum of some \$500,000,000. A lavish party is being thrown for a lot of book-learned fancy dans at practical old Henry Ford's expense, and we can't help wondering what Henry would have to say about it all.

Henry was a wizard who changed a pile of tin into a mountain of gold with production-line efficiency. Henry loved all things American; the entire American way, including American education, was good enough for Henry. He was a good old practical American in the red-blooded American tradition.

But we are rapidly being appraised, through the Ford Foundation, that philosophy like Henry's was all wrong.

Why? Because the Robert Maynard Hutchinses of a world entirely different from Henry's say so; and having secured a stranglehold on the Ford purse strings, they have plenty of chips to wager in a poker game — for the American public school system.

The good old practical approach to education which taught the individual how to do something, how to earn an honest living, has got to go.

What Would HENRY Say?

BY W. T. MARTIN

And in its stead we are to get "international culture." Our dinner-bucket, bellyfull attitude has got to be changed. Our philosophy is in for a complete overhauling.

Hutchins, as a foremost representative of the down-at-the-heels liberal arts schools of higher learning, represents poverty of the direst stripe. In fact, those institutions of privilege are rapidly becoming the most colossal private beggars of our time. Something on the scale of the Marshall Plan seems to be needed to put those outer bulwarks of "West-

ern civilization" back on their feet. Having wasted their substances of multi-millions in the prodigal pursuit of "culture" in the far corners of the world, they are now back home frantically searching for more; more to retain themselves in the regal manner of their heyday. The need appears so pressing that in assaulting Mr. Ford's magic mountain they are willing to dare the risk of tacit admission that his crude American methods of "education" had some points in their favor after all, 500,000,000 of them.

THERE are an uncultured few of us who believe that Henry himself was no mean educator; that he did more for education in America and the world than the aggregation of genteel mendicants now pleading for open-sesame at the doors of his coffers. Even the Russians sat up and took notice of typically American methods of education advanced by men like Henry. But Henry's methods were crude, we are told. His philosophy was all goosed up with cosmoline and axle grease.

It definitely is bad for youth. It is not classic, we are told. Brash young Americans are to be taught portentous things. They are to learn that they really can't be law-abiding here in this twentieth century, let us suppose, unless they can decipher the Code of Hammurabi from the original cuneiform. They will be given to understand that the sense of international "belonging" can be

found only in other civilizations' rubble piles. And Hutchins will help direct the search, with the generous assistance of the Foundation.

A glance through the Foundation's annual reports will give some idea as to how and where the forces are being mustered. A few thousands here and a million or so there. For example, as a reward for their long interest in the lonely unlettered school teacher and the drippy-nosed little school child, the browning shoots of the Ivy League are to be expensively watered. And Hutchins' University of Chicago's Carnival Midway is to receive the where-withal for a new international side show or two. Goucher, Oberlin, Cornell, Phillips-Andover, all those institutions which have ever so nobly championed the cause of Mr. John Q. Average-American are helping split the divvy. And the list is rapidly growing.

One last look into the reports will give us a definite insight into the manner in which the Foundation is safely attempting to save America and all Western civilization from utter ruin, and it will provide at the same time one great big belly laugh. Hutchins' bright-bright boy, Mortimer Adler, is on the list of doles to the tune of \$565,000. It seems like Mortimer is to loll around the Golden Gate (San Francisco's, this time) for a spell, and "clarify Western thought" for us, no less. We can't help thinking what Henry would have to say to *that*!

STATEN...

Island of Refuge

BY JANET WILLIAMS

SHINING black carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen and high-stepping horses pulled up at "The Marble House" in St. Mark's Place, in the town of St. George, Staten Island, New York. This was the home of Gilbert L. Thompson, a noted citizen. As curious islanders watched, a striking figure stepped from the first coach. His green and red uniform was resplendent with gold, and the medals on his chest reflected the sunshine and cast little mirrored darts into the eyes of the spectators. His walking stick was bejeweled with precious stones — as was the visible portion of a peg leg. A butler bowed and led him into the house.

Gilbert Thompson stepped from a second coach, giving his arm to the pretty Mrs. Thompson. One of the

observers, a neighbor, welcomed them and asked:

"Who is your guest — the man in the gold braid?"

"He," answered Thompson, "is General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna."

"You mean the man who ordered the Massacre of Goliad and the butchery of the gallant defenders of The Alamo?"

"One and the same," smiled Thompson, "I've rescued him from being butchered by his own people. He has found

sanctuary."

"What an ogre for the Island!" the neighbor remarked, turning away.

"You'll like him when you know him," said Thompson, as he led his wife into the house.

This was some 106 years ago!



Staten Island legend is that Thompson was with Sam Houston at San Jacinto in the final and decisive battle (April, 1836) of the Texas Revolution, and became a friend of Santa Anna following his capture there. There is no corroborative evidence of this fact, but there is evidence that in the following years when Santa Anna was again in power, Thompson made many business trips to Mexico and visited his dictator-president friend. Then, after the fall of Chapultepec (September 13, 1847) to General Winfield Scott, and the loss of the war against the United States, Santa Anna, disgraced, was deposed. He feared for his life.

Some way he got word to his friend, Thompson, on Staten Island, asking succor. Thompson had a three-masted schooner which had been built in the deep ravine which extends from salt water to Hessian Spring and which had formerly been a hiding place for smugglers that infested the coast. Thompson, with his wife and a crew, sailed for Vera Cruz.

Santa Anna, with his uniforms and much gold money, was smuggled aboard Thompson's ship.

And that brings us back to Santa Anna's arrival on Staten Island.

THOMPSON's prediction to his neighbor, "You'll like him when you know him," proved correct. Staten Islanders took to the General, his black hair, sideburns, uniforms, and his Napoleonic appearance. Despite the peg leg, he could dance

with the best of the beaus. He was a sportsman, shooting ducks and geese in the marshlands, and was a lavish spender. Long before he moved into his own home, "Brooks Mansion," on Manor Road and Forest Avenue, in West New Brighton, he was known to his friends as "Santy."

Santa Anna liked to talk about his tortuous political careers, how he fought in the royalist army, but later joined Iturbide in the struggle that won independence for Mexico (1821) and how two years later he led the revolt against Iturbide. He would laugh when he related how he aided various politicians such as Guerrero and Bustamante, turned against them, and finally became President himself for the first time (1833) and became a dictator.

Of the "Massacre of Goliad" (March 19, 1836) when some 300 Texans, after a hopeless battle, surrendered and were shot in cold blood, Santa Anna when questioned would shrug, wave his arms, and say: "Texas was a part of Mexico. There was a revolt like you had in your own country. How do you put down a revolt?"

Asked about The Alamo, Santa Anna would shrug again and say: "It was a revolution. I gave the defenders an opportunity to surrender—but the revolutionists were stubborn. Men like Travis, Bowie, and Crockett were born to die the deaths of heroes. And so they did," Santa Anna would assert. "Besides," he would add, "the unfortunate inci-

dents cost me my job." Then "Santy" would tap his wooden leg and laugh, "But this got it back for me."

It was true. Loss of the leg in attempting to repulse the French at Vera Cruz (1838) once again made him a national hero and in 1841 he again became President, only to be driven from power three years later after a corrupt and wasteful administration. Four years passed, and he was again President (1846-47) but the loss of the Mexican War again put him out of business and he was then smuggled out of Vera Cruz by Thompson and brought to Staten Island. When conversations led to the Mexican War, "Santy" would shrug and exclaim: "Kismet."

One of Santa Anna's infrequent guests at Brooks Mansion was General Winfield Scott, and legend has it that they loved to talk over the battles of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Puebla, and Chapultepec — all of which were lost to Scott.

Even though Santa Anna enjoyed the freedom and society of Staten Island, he was not a free man. All his friends knew he had his eyes on Mexico, and knew he was plotting to return and again take over. So did the Mexican government, and soon the island was infested with Mexican agents. Santa Anna was under 24-hour-a-day surveillance by Mexican agents who were prepared to murder him, if necessary, to prevent his return to his homeland. But adventurous Staten Islanders aided

"Santy." When the time was ripe for his return to Mexico, *they nailed him into a piano box!* The box was carted to Elizabethport Ferry, and taken to Lewes, Delaware, where it was carried aboard a ship. When the ship sailed, Santa Anna was removed from the box and enjoyed a passage back to Vera Cruz.

The next time Staten Islanders heard about their friend (December, 1853) he was "perpetual dictator" of Mexico. "Perpetual" meant two years, for a revolt against him in late 1855 again drove him into exile and brought Benito Juarez to the Presidency. That marked the end of Santa Anna, "The Enigma," as a power in Mexico. Eventually he was allowed to return to his country and in 1876 he died, poor, blind, a nobody.

SANTY was Staten Island's most spectacular refugee, but others who found sanctuary there included Louis Kossuth, former Governor of Hungary and Liberator of the Magyars; Giuseppe Garibaldi, the great Italian liberator; Gustave von Struve, the German revolutionist; and Maxim Gorky, the Russian revolutionist and novelist, who was a sort of Johnny-come-lately. History indicates that Santa Anna, Kossuth, Garibaldi, and von Struve were all on Staten Island at the same time. Deprived of his powers (by the Russians) in 1849, Kossuth fled Budapest and found sanctuary on Staten Island, where he was received with

ovations as a champion of liberty.

Kossuth, unlike Santa Anna, was a quiet man who abhorred society and remained more or less in seclusion until his return to Europe (Italy) in 1851. He tried unsuccessfully to bring about uprisings in Hungary in 1865 and 1866, declined an offer of amnesty in 1890, died in Turin, Italy, four years later, and was given a state funeral in Budapest, where he was buried.

But little is recorded about Gustave von Struve, the German revolutionist. He fled Germany in 1851 and eventually reached Staten Island, where he wrote his *History of the World*, of value only from the viewpoint of radical republicanism. He fought in the Civil War with the Eighth New York Regiment, and returned to Europe.

Maxim Gorky fled Russia in 1905, and arrived on Staten Island a year later. There he wrote his inflammatory speeches — in efforts to obtain funds for a Russian revolution. After rambling about America and Europe Gorky returned to Russia in 1928 and continued his writing. He died mysteriously, and in the Russian treason trials (1938) it was charged he had been poisoned.

OF ALL those who sought, and found, sanctuary on Staten Island, Giuseppe Garibaldi is most loved. He is the only one whose memory is perpetuated by a monument — the house in which he lived. Garibaldi — after great successes in

Europe and South America — sought and found refuge from 1849 to 1851 on Staten Island. He was a gentle, quiet man, who kept completely out of the public eye. He never mentioned his experiences and successes in Sardinia or in South America. He never mentioned Anita, the love of his life, a girl he met in Uruguay in 1846 and who died in 1849 during his spectacular retreat from the French forces — a retreat which led Garibaldi and Anita across central Italy. It was only a few months after this retreat that Garibaldi found refuge on Staten Island.

Instead of living on past glories, this man who had commanded armies and fleets worked as a laborer in a candle factory, bringing tallow from the river bank to the boiling vat. It was on the Island that he took his first degrees in Freemasonry. And then one day Garibaldi was gone from the Island. He had returned to Italy to lead his "Red Shirts" in a war which brought about a united Italy, and a new kingdom. He remains a popular hero not only on Staten Island, but throughout the world of Italian people. Whenever and wherever they gather, they sing songs in his praise. He died in 1882.

"Well," said Raymond Fingado of the Staten Island Historical Society, "we've had Santa Anna, Garibaldi, von Struve, Kossuth, Gorky, and some other refugees on the old island. Guess we may expect Hitler any day now."

Matthews Award

The \$500 prize offered by the J. B. Matthews Award Committee last winter for the best essay on "Communism and Academic Freedom" has been awarded to Dennis P. Barry of Fordham University.



George E. Sokolsky, who headed the board of judges, made the presentation to Mr. Barry on April 12, at a luncheon ceremony at Fordham. The other judges were Eugene Lyons, Ralph de Toledano, and E. Merrill Root.

Mr. Barry, born in the Bronx, N. Y., 24 years ago, served as an Infantry officer in Korea and received, among several other decorations, the Bronze Star Medal for having "suggested and volunteered to lead patrols against the enemy." He is now studying at the Russian Institute at Fordham and expects to take his degree in Foreign Service, and then, "perhaps Law School."

The judges found so many of the hundreds of essays impressive that other, unscheduled honors were arranged for several. A sixty-dollar second prize was divided between

MARION LIFKA, *Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa*
and

DWIGHT D. MURPHEY, *University of Colorado, Denver*

Seven honorable mentions were also announced, as follows:

SALVATORE S. MESSINA, *Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.*

ROSEMARY M. GRIFFITH, *Fordham University School of Education, New York, N. Y.*

ROGER L. BARRON, *Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.*

GEORGE WESCOTT CAREY, *Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.*

MARY ELLEN FORBES, *Trinity College, Washington, D. C.*

JAMES D. HEIPLE, *Bradley University, Peoria, Ill.*

JOHN ANTHONY MURRAY, *Loyola University, Los Angeles, Calif.*

► THE FIRST-PRIZE ESSAY BY DENNIS P. BARRY
BEGINS ON THE NEXT PAGE ◄

THE MATTHEWS AWARD ESSAY

COMMUNISM *and* Academic Freedom

By DENNIS P. BARRY

COMMUNISM was a stormy issue at City College when I was a student there in 1950. To avoid entanglement in arguments better left, as I thought, to expert political lawyers and economists, I brushed it aside. Faculty denunciations, student propaganda cluttering the corridors, imperialism, fascism, peace rallies, all these were beyond me!

On June 25th, the North Korean Communists invaded the Republic of South Korea.

In September I didn't return to City. I was beginning my training for Korea. I learned many things overseas which are not written in books but with the pen of blood. My buddies in the United States Infantry were not misfit leftovers. College graduates and fathers served

with the infantry. Yet none claimed to be essential. Infantry leaders are men too, conscious of the American lives entrusted to them. Discipline, self-sacrifice and patriotism became everyday habits, not mottoes. Country and duty came before personal safety and happiness. On Christmas Eve, 1952, Russ voluntarily led the remnants of his company to regain and hold a position. He died! This college graduate was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, not to compensate for his life or his dreams but because he put his country first. The fact that many were never so honored in no way lessens the importance of their sacrifice!

The historians and politicians could argue it; I knew it. I knew it when I dragged the lifeless body of a buddy up those ridges after a night

patrol. I knew it when I stared numbly at GI's slumped over, one on top of the other, in their fighting hole. Why? There, then, I learned. These buddies of mine died because an idea fired a man to fire a burp-gun! I was left, not to silence the gun, nor to kill the man, but to destroy the idea! My one thought was — Communism killed them; Communism must be killed. That I could not brush aside.

But how does one kill Communism?

Communism is dead in South Korea. No breeding nests exist in the minds of the ROK's in my platoon whose parents, brothers, sisters had been shot in front of them, nor in minds and hearts of the refugees overcrowding Seoul and Pusan. To them Communism is no intellectual issue! But the scars of Communism — starvation, misery, poverty — are everywhere visible, a tragic warning!

One must go beyond, back to the battle of books and words. For here the enemy is born in ideas which rape and kill. Communism is totalitarian: be democratic. It is atheistic: worship God. It has no morals; observe the law and respect the right.

As a powerful free nation, dedicated to democracy, belief in God and the right, it was our duty to stop this mob's rape of the Republic of Korea. But while American youth were dying in Korea to stop the spread of this poisonous idea, there were teachers who, lacking experi-

mental knowledge, advocated this disastrous doctrine in the very classrooms of American universities and camouflaged their breeding beds with the cloak of "Academic Freedom."

THE Communist battle line exists throughout the border of the free world. In Korea it broke out into a visible conflict. There when I recognized a Communist, no matter how disguised, I would kill or capture him. Here it is illegal to do so, but is camouflage any different if it be a university gown instead of a peasant's blouse? No matter what they claim to be, find out what they actually are. Though the terrain and the tactics vary, we are still faced with the same danger from these agents who are plotting to destroy our country from within. Lincoln warned:

At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer if it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men, we must live through all time or die by suicide.

Disguised Korean Communists claimed "Civilian Freedom." They wanted to be free from all external inquiry and interference. We knew why. So when the cry of "Academic Freedom" with the same privileges arises, our guard is up. Some claim that the teacher is the sole judge of

what constitutes truth. Other teachers deny the existence of truth, yet they are ardent defenders of "Academic Freedom." This label is camouflage. My idea of freedom rejects any abuse of freedom. Once this label is sold to the American people, teachers could claim any number of privileges in the name of this "freedom," even to the point of jeopardizing the nation's safety and trampling on the rights of the student. A teacher should not claim immunity when the rights of a student are violated by a defective education, whether wholly or partially ruined by indoctrination in this conspiracy. Teachers have no sole claim to truth. If such were the case, then our Constitution, our government, its laws must all be reviewed by these judges and bear their personal seal of approval.

The American people have such a high regard for education that they often render too great a respect to the judgments of their educators. They buy swamp water if it has been bottled by a doctor. But not all who call themselves "doctors" are such. We call them "quacks." Our intellectuals may be such, especially when they even forsake America, her traditions, her laws, when they have grafted an alien slave state ideology into their own minds. They then sell this chaotic, dictatorial and atheistic society to the American youth who came to learn the teachings of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, the American her-

itage which is rightfully his. These teachers are, according to Bishop Fulton J. Sheen:

. . . men not at home. And because they have lost their roots, their culture, they now surrender themselves to Bolshevism. And as a result today, many of our educators are betraying the great American tradition and also the vocation of teaching.

TWO REVOLUTIONS have been fought on opposite sides of the earth. Philosophically they were violently opposed. Both promised man freedom. The states which they formed still exist. One has insured man's rights: the other has burdened him only with duties. One is the defender of freedom: the other abolished freedom. Yet a strange paradox exists — some intellectual members of the free state claim the *right* to teach that man only has *duties*, the doctrine upon which the slave state is founded. And a still stranger paradox persists — the leaders of the free state have met armed invasion of the rights of man by arms, but yield in awe to the bombastic barrage of words aimed at the same target.

The cause of our revolution was the abuse of individual rights. It was successfully fought to give birth to our nation, our Constitution, our political and economic way of life. Religious liberties were guaranteed by law. The nation and its laws were founded upon belief in God. An all-just God endows all men with equal rights that they may ob-

tain their final destiny. From man's eternal destiny stem all his rights and his human dignity. "The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time," is how Thomas Jefferson put it. And this the founders of our nation inscribed in the *Declaration of Independence*. This is the American heritage.

Of what value is a revolution if the resultant state is worse than its predecessor? A military dictatorship was imposed upon the Russians. Freedoms never came into existence. Man there became a slave and remains a slave! Why? The basis of the revolution and the resulting government is atheism. Under this atheism man has no claim to immortality and it follows that he has no rights nor dignity necessary to an immortal destiny. What becomes of man under such a system? Losing all claim to individual rights, man's talents can only be used to serve the will of his earthly master.

THE shocking tragedy of it all is that the Russian people were forewarned of the approaching storm. In the middle of the nineteenth century Dostoyevsky, recognizing the forces in his time which would eventually break out into revolution and forcibly establish the idea which we know as Communism, wrote in his *Brothers Karamazov*:

If you were to destroy in mankind the belief in immortality, not only love but every living force maintaining the life of the world would at

once be dried up. Moreover nothing would be immoral, *everything would be lawful* . . . egoism, even to crime, must not only become lawful but even recognized as inevitable.

Those who do not believe in God talk of socialism or anarchism, of the transformation of all humanity on a new pattern.

They [atheists] have more fantastic dreams than we. They aim at justice, but denying Christ, they will end by flooding the earth with blood.

The world has proclaimed the reign of freedom, especially of late, but *what do we see in this freedom of theirs? Nothing but slavery and destruction*. Interpreting freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of desires, men distort their natures. *Soon they will drink blood instead of wine; they are being led to it*.

Russia was warned but did not heed. Socialism, Atheism, Materialism, Egoism — these are the camouflages of freedom, as deadly as the bullets from a burpgun in Korea. And yet, in the name of freedom, they are bred into minds in the classroom!

Let us see how sane their interpretation of freedom is. A Communist teacher, like a stubborn doctor faced with the persistence of disease despite the patient work of the medical profession, doses his patient with a nostrum which is "supposed to work." The fact that this foreign cure-all (Communism) has proved fatal in 800,000,000 cases does not deter him from using it in place of modern medicines. And who are we

to doubt his judgment? He is a specialist in his field. His patients rebel violently at the treatment. Nor does it help matters if other doctors are administering "medicines" with the same fatal ingredients. All have the same tint of Red in them (Socialism, Atheism, Materialism, Egoism). The containers which they come in have different style labels. All are marked "harmless." The ingredient is the SAME.

The symptoms of the disease — fits of rebellion, hatred for all that is truly American, tantrums of fear of Fascism among those in public office and among his own relatives, complete fear and distrust of those about him — are the SAME as those which killed the Jones boy in Korea.

UPON Congressional inquiry, a teacher declares under the Fifth Amendment that he is not obliged to answer to the question of conspiracy. If an American is truly concerned about preserving the rights of man, he would not only see no harm in demanding a "yes" or "no" answer to the question of conspiracy, he would gladly publicly proclaim his allegiance by denouncing this conspiracy. Even if he disliked the methods of inquiry, he would think of America first, voluntarily denounce this conspiracy and then in turn denounce the methods of inquiry.

Dr. Bella Dodd, a former leader in the Communist movement in this country, warned:

If Communism comes to America, it will come under a label which seems to be good to the people.

He is playing the game of a Communist: who tears down the forces in society which make for a healthy society; sets minority groups against each other; attempts to destroy a sound family life; sells fallacious literature and the kind of comics which the Communists are now publishing; if his purpose is to make children undisciplined, make children feel that there is no need for respect for their parents, their church, their country.

The Communist Party did not invent progressive education, but with this kind of an educational system you prepare millions of children to become the reserves of the revolution which Lenin spoke about.

The John Dewey philosophy and the Communist philosophy have this in common: there is no belief in an absolute truth nor belief in God.

So in the calculus class, such a teacher presents an illustrative example of the equations of the cycloid in parametric form and then draws an analogy with the business cycle and diverts into the "evil effects" of an "unstabilized economy." He introduces the "blessings" of a rigidly socialized economy.

In a physics class, such a teacher diverts from the cyclotron to the "horrible abuses" made of atomic power when employed as a weapon. No nation has the right to use such a weapon, he claims without stating that this is America's foremost weapon of peace in the face of those whose objective is the destruction

of America and the rest of the free world.

In the history and in the English classes, he has a greater opportunity to infect the minds of the youth with the "evils" of all that is American. He will lead the student into a one-solution answer using the camouflage of "democracy, liberalism, progressiveness" without a clear, unbiased, precise statement of terms. Of course he will use his "rights" under "Academic Freedom."

IT is not the teacher's rights but those of the student which are violated by any teacher who is a Communist. As a Communist he is not merely a teacher, he is an agent with a definite mission. He can offer the student only one solution, that which is demanded by his Communist leaders. There can be no half-Americans. One is either totally with or totally against this conspiracy.

The innocent teachers of America should do all that is possible to cooperate with our government in stopping the spread of Communism. They must become conscious of their responsibility to their nation, to those entrusted to them, to their career and to the preservation of belief in God and immortality proclaimed by Jefferson as the foundation of rights and freedom.

American youth need not go to a North Korean POW camp; they can get brainwashed right here in

some of our best American universities. Educational standards built on morality and integrity must be enforced by the trustees and the faculty in order that educators stop insulting the intelligence of the American public with ambiguous terms. If they can't distinguish Communism from truth, they should have no place in the classroom.

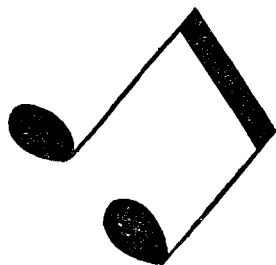
I would not want a Communist company commander, even if he were a military genius. Neither do I want a Communist agent in charge of *any* class that I attend. 130,000 lives, 130,000 Americans have been sacrificed in Korea!

Parents, too, must face their responsibility in directing their children to those institutions which maintain the necessary standards of morality and integrity.

Greater emphasis must be placed on the study of our government, its laws and its economy.

Students should seek an integrated education whereby they become not only specialists but patriots rooted in American tradition.

Our revolution has been successful. We neither need nor want any other revolution, let alone that of an atheistic dictatorship. Our rights and freedoms spring from our divine destiny. Atheistic Communism and its followers have no claim by their own beliefs to any rights nor freedoms. This includes "Academic Freedom."



Sound On DISC

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG's *Gurre-Lieder* is a monumental work both in length (it takes up six long-playing sides) and in concept. In a sense, it is a synthesis of the opera and the symphony, of the incisive and the overblown, of Germanic emotionalism and the crisp sensibilities which were emerging musically at the time the music was written. It is an epic work which, like Beethoven's *Ninth* and the operas of Monteverdi, closed one era and opened another. Rich sonorities, deep colors, and the interlineation of voice and orchestra give it a peculiar appeal. Now it has been put on records for the first time by the Haydn Society in an excellent and loving performance by the New Symphony Society of Paris, with splendid soloists, conducted by René Leibowitz. And strictly as recording, it is a gem. (HSL 100.)

Another recording event is Angel's *Mass in B Minor* of Johann Sebastian Bach. This great work has been put on records before, but never has there been so felicitous a marriage of soloists, conductor, and orchestra — nor so apt a transition of sound to

The Recent Recordings

disc. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's shimmering soprano rings out clear and the choral selections have a disembodied quality almost as if a heavenly choir were singing. This is extravagant praise, but the product deserves it. (ANGEL 3500.)

I am particularly pleased this month by Izler Solomon's interpretation of Haydn's *Symphony No. 85 in B Flat Major*. It lacks the sharp precision of the Haydn we have become accustomed to, but substitutes for it the gentle, rolling movement of the *laendler*. In this, Izler's performance derives its spirit from the folk sources which so often inspired Haydn. The recording is clear and balanced. (MGM E-3109.)

Hindemith's symphonic *Mathis der Maler*, a joining of three excerpts from the opera of the same name, is "mood" music in the exact meaning of that abused term. It is the evocation of



the emotional response experienced by a contemplation of a fifteenth century mural. But the music tends more to turgidity than to elucidation, and even the full-bodied performance of Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra fails to make it come truly alive. (COLUMBIA ML-4816.)

READERS of this column need not be told that I consider Rodgers and Hart the crowning achievement in America's most important musical contribution — the musical comedy. Last year's recording of their superlative *On Your Toes*, written in 1936, and the stingingly satiric *Pal Joey*, which appeared on records somewhat earlier, have been joined by still another of the R & H collaborations, *The Boys from Syracuse*. It is graced by the still-unrecognized talents of Portia Nelson, an appealing soprano in the Helen Morgan tradition, and the better-known vocalizing of Jack Cassidy. *Falling in Love With Love*, *This Can't Be Love*, and *You Have Cast Your Shadow on the Sea* are three of the more graceful tunes in a rich score. Goddard Lieberson, who did so well with *On Your Toes*, is the producer. (COLUMBIA ML-4837.)

(If I were king, I would make sure that *I'd Rather Be Right*, *I Married an Angel*, and *A Connecticut Yankee* also got the Lieberson treatment — and that eventually Columbia put all of Rodgers and Hart

on records. Maybe this is in the works, maybe it isn't. But I can dream.)

The melodies of Victor Herbert are justly famous for their lilt and sweetness. And for many of us they are wrapped up beyond any criticism by an old nostalgia. So the pocket version of *Naughty Marietta*, sung by Gordon MacRae and Marguerite Piazza, is welcome. The two run through *Ah Sweet Mystery of Life*, *Falling in Love With Someone*, and other songs which made the operetta and the movie memorable. They are infinitely superior to Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald — which is not much of a compliment at that, but should be reassuring to anyone who loves Victor Herbert. (CAPITOL L-468.)

There was once a young cornet player who came out of Boston. He played a light, lyric style, warm and intricate in the manner of Bix Beiderbeck, and the jazz boys loved him. This was in the 1930's, when you and I were young. Bobby Hackett made some really superb jazz records for the Commodore label.

Then he went on to bigger things, losing his horn in a big, brass band or against a half acre of strings. Now Capitol has devoted a whole album to his cornet playing — *Soft Lights and Bobby Hackett*, it's called. He plays such oldies as *Easy to Love* and *I Cried For You* as well as one, *Bobby's Blues*. The verdict: he's still got it. (H 458). R. DE T.



"If anything, I thought it would keep them away."

The **CURSE** *of* **TONDO**

By
BELLE C. EWING



WHAT HAPPENS when a place is cursed? Does the curse linger on through the ages, bringing evil to all who fall under its spell? This would seem to be true of Lake Elsinore.

This blue, mystic lake lies in an inland California valley which is teeming and steaming with hot springs. Rimmed by shaggy mountains whose forested crests are reflected in its clear waters, Lake Elsinore is the very personification of peace — but on it rests the curse of Tondo.

Lake Elsinore has had a colorful history. Much of it lies buried in legend and it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. There have been

stories of underground volcanos on the lake bottom, erupting, killing fish and discoloring the water. There have been tales that, although portions of the lake were shallow even in wet years, other parts are bottomless abysses. There have been stories of a playful sea serpent that lived in its depths.

Long noted for its scenic beauty and health-giving waters, the lake was a famous resort in the Nineties.

But long before the first white man had set foot along the shore of the lake, this part of California had been the home of the Soboba Indians. Their chief was Tondo, a stern and unforgiving man.

He had a daughter, Morning Star,

who was in love with Palo, son of the chief of the Palas, a neighboring tribe. The Sobobas and Palas were sworn enemies. For a time the lovers met secretly. Then one day they were discovered by Tondo. His rage was terrible to behold. He forbade the lovers ever to meet again.

Morning Star tried in every way to appease her father's anger, to soften his heart toward Palo. But in time she saw that it was useless; that he would never give his consent to their marriage. Vowing that they would never be separated, the Indian maid and her lover walked hand in hand into the lake, as the dreary November sun cast long shadows on the land. They were followed by a group of orphan children whom Morning Star had befriended. All walked into the lake, singing the mournful death song of their people while Tondo stood on the shore and cursed the lovers, cursed the blue water into which they all walked to their death.

EVER SINCE that day it would seem that a jinx has laid over Lake Elsinore. Old-timers tell of a great upheaval in the lake which caused water to spout into the air like a geyser and turn blood-red. Later, it became known that three hundred springs of boiling mud and water were born in the valley during that upheaval. The springs reeked with sulphur.

Shortly after this, mysterious lights were seen dancing over the

water. The Indians declared that the spirits were having a powwow.

For many years after this phenomenon the lake remained peaceful. Then boats were overturned for no apparent reason, and few of their occupants ever returned to tell the story. This continued for several years. At the same time, strong swimmers dived into the lake never to reappear.

In 1833 and again in 1846, fish in the lake suddenly died.

In the spring of 1850, came the Battle of the Gnats. They bred in the water of the lake and swarmed over the land. They invaded the countryside until the harassed inhabitants called for help.

And in this century, in July, 1951, the sky-blue waters of the lake vanished like mist before a noonday sun. When the bottom was laid bare there was no trace of a volcano, the bottomless pits, or the other disturbances of legend or fact.

The copious winter rains of 1951-1952 have replenished the lake. But what menace does its haunting beauty hold today? For tomorrow?

The once mighty Sobobas are few now. But the old men swear that their ancestors still haunt the lake; they claim to hear their voices in the rustle of the tules—see them walk across the water, bearing in their hands a spirit light. They nod grizzled heads and murmur that the great Tondo's curse will forever remain upon the lake. Only Time, the wise and silent one, can tell.

TIPPING

A NATIONAL RACKET?

BY ONETA ALDRICH WAKEFORD

WE AMERICANS hand out approximately \$750,000,000 annually in tips, or three-quarters of a billion dollars, according to the United States Department of Commerce. Of this amount about \$450,000 goes to restaurant employees. The rest greases the open palms of hotel "gimme" boys, taxi drivers, beauticians, barbers, parking lot attendants, bartenders, and a host of others who expect gratuities from the public for their services.

In spite of these magnanimous figures, however, tipping is generally an unpopular and disliked custom in the United States, and always has been. As far back as 1896, the secretary of the Journeymen Barbers International Union of America condemned tipping as "humiliating and degrading." In 1905 the Anti-Tip-

ping Society of America had 100,000 members, the majority of them salesmen. Within the next few years anti-tipping laws were passed in Arkansas, Iowa, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Washington. This legislation was short-lived, however, for in 1919, the Iowa law was repealed as unconstitutional and the other states soon followed suit.

Today, of course, we're all aware of how widespread the practice of tipping is, and how many categories of workers it covers. It has become mainly a "pressure" custom. And while we go along with it outwardly, the majority of us actually feel that it is wrong in principle. According to a recent survey on the subject, 65.1% of the persons queried definitely disapprove of tipping, only 22.2% approve, 12% are undecided.

A laborer should be worthy of his hire, no matter what his field. He shouldn't have to depend on the gratuities of the public. Yet, the United States Chamber of Commerce reports that there are 1,800,000 persons who depend on tips for the major part of their income.

Tipping itself has a servile aspect. One does not tip an equal. Even the way tipping is usually handled is undignified payment. Either the coin is slipped under the edge of the plate, out of sight, or into the servitor's hand quickly, almost stealthily, as if the transaction wasn't quite aboveboard. In the words of Edward Corsi, Industrial Commissioner of New York, who conducted hearings several months ago on proposed minimum wage laws that would affect his state's 250,000 restaurant workers: "Tipping is unworthy of labor in the twentieth century. It makes a servant out of the worker. It is a disgraceful thing that the worker has to depend on tips for a living."

THIS dependency on tips puts the worker in an unfair position. He has grown to expect them as his earnings, and not as a token of appreciation for extra service he has given. He is often filled with resentment when he isn't tipped, or not tipped highly enough because, to him, those gratuities are important as bread and butter money. Of course, there are a few servitors who, after the essentials are paid for, can

well afford a shiny new Cadillac! Some headwaiters, for instance, who work in expensive nightclubs which dot the country from east to west, have reported yearly incomes of \$35,000. At least six in New York earn \$50,000. These, naturally, are the exception.

The customer, on the other hand, is placed in an uncomfortable position, as well as what he thinks is an unfair one. The uncomfortable feeling comes usually from not knowing exactly how much he should tip. Practically everyone above the age of fifteen has read the "etiquette rules" of how much to tip and when. But if these rules were printed in books or magazines four or five years ago, he can be sure that they're substandard for today's tipping. Prices have gone up, and if the customer doesn't know it, or acts as if he doesn't, he'll receive bullet glances which denounce him as sub-human. For instance, ten or fifteen cents to a train porter for carrying one bag used to be acceptable. The present price is twenty-five. Ten per cent of the restaurant check was a standard rule a few years back. Today, it is fifteen, and in the so-called better places, more. As one waiter put it: "When I work in a swanky hotel I count on at least twenty per cent."

Because there are so many variations to the rules, a customer is often in a quandary as to whether the "rule" holds good in his particular situation. Take the case of a woman going into a beauty shop. She is

armed with the "social knowledge" that she'll be expected to tip the operator fifteen per cent of her total bill. However, by the time she's had a haircut, shampoo, set and manicure, not one operator but four have waited on her. If, for instance, her bill is \$6.00, won't the required 90 cents tip, divided four ways, look stingy, and not be what each expected?

The term "tip" originated in a London coffee house in Fleet Street where Samuel Johnson and his cronies frequently visited during the eighteenth century. On the table was a bowl with the words, "To Insure Promptitude," printed around it. The phrase was later shortened to "Tip," taking the first letter of each of the three words.

TODAY, a person is expected to leave a tip even though the service has been slow and indifferent. The unfairness of the tipping racket, as far as the customer is concerned, hinges on the feeling that he is being pressured into carrying part of the employer's burden. If he pays a good price for his haircut, why should he tip the barber? Isn't it up to the employer to provide a decent wage for him? Or, when he stays in a hotel and pays that bill why should he give the maid extra money for coming in to clean his room? Isn't her salary a definite duty of hotel management?

It seems to him that tipping is the employers' way out of re-

sponsibility. They pass the buck of their workers' salaries on to the customer.

Most of us continue to tip, even though we dislike the practice, for one or all three of the following reasons: (1) Conscience. We recognize the injustice of the worker's meager wage and feel that we must add to his take-home pay. (2) Social pressure. We don't wish to look like a cheapskate to our associates or to the workers themselves. (3) Moral weakness. We lack the courage of our convictions that the principle of tipping, as it is being used today, is inherently wrong for our democratic way of life.

It is with a kind of mental relief that passengers ride the airlines, where no tipping is allowed. Many supermarkets which hire boys to carry bags or boxes of purchased groceries out to the car for the customer have signs requesting no tipping. A few (too few!) restaurants in various parts of the country have similar signs. To the customer, such signs are like a beautiful oasis in a "Gimme" desert.

In some foreign countries such as Finland, a service charge is added to restaurant and hotel bills. I believe most of us would prefer this system to our present one.

The tipping racket can be stopped only when the three groups — employers, workers and customers — decide that it is an archaic and unfair practice and proceed to do something about it.

The Gentleman *from* NEVADA

By Howard Rushmore

HIGH on the left wing's list of men for extinction is the name of a Nevada sheep rancher who fifty years ago led the fight for an eight-hour day for labor and other causes on behalf of the underprivileged.

Pat McCarran is still battling for the rights of the underdog, although in the half century he has been in politics, the sturdy son of Irish immigrants has seen the wheel swing full circle and the minority now emerge as old-fashioned Americans devoted to certain basic principles often forgotten in 1954.

Consequently, the man from the banks of the Truckee River has been under heavy cross-fire from the Communists, the Americans for Democratic Action, and particularly the port side of his own party. And McCarran is a Democrat.

But he is the kind of a Democrat

that outdates Roosevelt and the New Deal. Many of the latter clique have openly branded the Senator from Nevada as a "traitor" because of his vigorous stand against FDR's Supreme Court packing of 1937 and particularly for Pat's determined offensive against Communism.

Only recently the Democratic National Committee issued a long statement adding up the "score" of their alleged "fight" against Communism. But left out entirely was the name of Pat McCarran and his authorship of such laws as the Internal Security Act and the Immigration and Nationality Act.

No mention was made by McCarran's own party of these two important pieces of legislation which really hurt the Communist conspiracy. And Pat's chairmanship of

the Internal Security Subcommittee when the Institute of Pacific Relations was smoked out and ran up a tree also was ignored in the boasting of the Democrats about their "anti-Communist" heroes.

These antics by his party leaders don't bother the tough man with the thick mane of white hair, and the brilliant blue eyes that survey life and the Democrats with that philosophic calm gained after 77 years.

Typical of Pat's reaction was his reply to a member of his staff when he was considering the chairmanship of the subcommittee that was later to expose the IPR. "You'll be smeared from hell to breakfast," he was warned. "Every organization and publication left of center will never let up on you because this IPR mob is part of the Democrats' machine." McCarran fingered his gold Nevada nugget tie-pin about ten seconds and snapped back: "I'll be chairman."

He made that same decision back in 1902 when a Nevada political leader drove out to the McCarran sheep ranch and asked him to run for the legislature. Pat remembers the incident. "I wasn't a likely-looking candidate for office. I was out working in the corrals and had about two-weeks' growth of beard and was dressed in the usual sheepherder's outfit. And I had a lot of sheep to take care of. But I decided to make a try for it, beard or not."



McCarran spent a typically Western boyhood on his father's ranch. He rode horseback to a country school ten miles from the McCarran home, after getting up at dawn to milk twelve cows. He attended high school in Reno and was a top athlete and scholar. Young Pat set records for the 100-yard and 50-yard dash that were to stand for twenty years, and he graduated valedictorian of his class in 1897.

That fall he enrolled in the University of Nevada and soon emerged as a football star. "I played left guard my first year," McCarran reminisces, "but the next year I shifted to right tackle and I've never been left of center since."

A few weeks before he graduated, his father became ill and Pat had to leave school and take care of 1,400 sheep on the ranch. But Mc-

Carran kept up his law studies, often from horseback as he guarded the sheep, and his books still have the marks of the rawhide thongs he used to tie them to the saddle. He was admitted to the bar in 1905.

In 1903 he married Harriet Weeks of Elko County. The first two of the five McCarran children were daughters and both have since become nuns in the Order of the Holy Name.

PAT's legislature experience gave him a taste of politics and the quick-minded young orator led the fight for an eight-hour day in the Nevada mines. The bill passed and was later upheld by the Supreme Court.

After the legislative office came the nomination and election of McCarran as District Attorney of Nye County. In 1912, he was elected a Justice of the State Supreme Court and in 1924, tried for the U.S. Senate, but was defeated. In 1932, the Democrats sent McCarran into the arena again and he licked the incumbent, Tasker L. Oddie.

That election sent the freshman Senator from the sheep ranch to a sleek, sophisticated Washington, overflowing with brain-trusters and the bright young men who had learned that the quickest way to get into the New Deal class struggle was to go to Harvard and turn left. To the Irishman who had studied for his law degree atop a restless broncho, this was all a bit bewildering and alarming.

One thing also bothered the rancher from Truckee. It was the growing concentration of power in the executive branch of the government, and his old-fashioned Jeffersonian principles led him to thunder out against the trend. This didn't place him in FDR's inner circle, but it won him wide respect in the Capitol. Even *Time* magazine (which of late has batted Pat around because of his ruthless pursuit of the IPR mob) in those days said of him, "He is one of the best-liked members of the Senate; considered intellectually honest, frank, logical."

Long before Senator McCarthy assumed the mantle of the left wing's favorite "book burner" and "witch hunter," Pat McCarran was being called these names by the eggheads of 1935. This came after the Nevada Senator had warned the American Legion to be on guard against Red infiltration of the schools and had urged examination of textbooks in the colleges.

When FDR launched his arrogant court-packing plan of 1937, McCarran became one of the most vehement Democrats in opposition to this effort to bend the Supreme Court to the will of the White House. Roosevelt struck back at Pat and all Democrats who "didn't go along" by threatening them with loss of all party patronage. McCarran didn't budge, and when he came up for re-election in 1938, he was on the President's "purge" list. But the Railroad Brotherhoods, remem-

bering McCarran's pioneer fight for labor legislation, rallied behind him in his home state and so did the rest of his constituents. Despite a speaking tour by Roosevelt through Nevada with Pat's opponent in the primaries, McCarran was re-elected by a 3-to-1 vote ratio.

IN THE 1944 campaign, the CIO's Political Action Committee marked McCarran for defeat and sent their agents and money into his state to defeat him. They didn't, because the people of Nevada not only liked their Senator but decided the right of choice was not up to a bunch of Union Square left-wingers. The same defeat was handed McCarran's opponent in 1950, although the out-of-state campaign against Pat was redoubled. His Internal Security Act, which among many other things set up the Subversive Activities Control Board, had just been passed over Truman's veto, and the Fair Deal set was either roaring or lipping for his head.

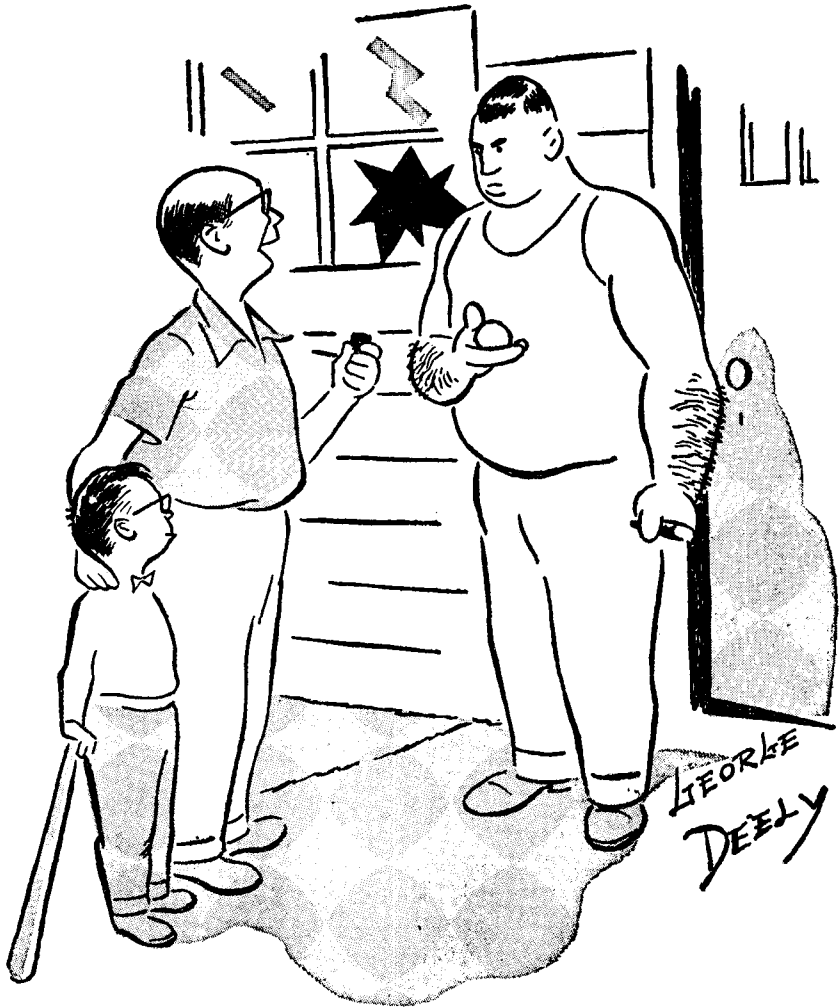
In 1952, another law, co-authored by McCarran and Representative Walters, was passed, again over Truman's veto. This was the Immigration and Nationality Act, still the favorite target of the various Communist and pseudo-liberal groups. The opponents of the bill forget that McCarran, the son of Irish immigrants, had pondered this legislation for years, had won the support of practically every Democratic-controlled agency and de-

partment and was supported in the Senate and House by a majority of his fellow Democrats. He has never been against amendments to work out flaws in the law but insists those changes should be made by "its friends and not those whose criticism is only used as a method to kill the bill altogether."

Still hale and hearty at 77, McCarran is continuing his fight. During recess he hunts in his native state (he still can outshoot men half his age), visits with stock raisers around Nevada and listens to their opinions about what's wrong with Washington. Back at work, McCarran keeps his staff (headed by his trigger-minded and hard-working administrative assistant, Eve Adams), on the run. He arrives at his office at 8:30 in the morning and keeps a fast schedule all day. Often when important legislation is coming up, Pat will work through the night. Big, black cigars, once his favorite, were discontinued when he was told to cut down to a certain number a day. "I just stopped smoking," says Pat. "Who has the time to count cigars?"

He carries his 190 pounds at all times with complete dignity and one day a group of tourists in the Senate office building paused to watch him go by. "That *must* be a Senator," said one of them. "He looks like one."

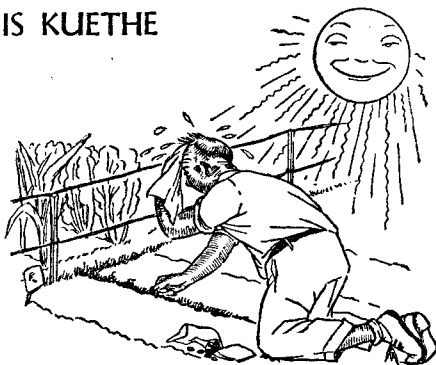
"He sure is, lady," said the guide. "That's Patrick McCarran. He really *is* a Senator."



"He refuses to answer. The usual grounds, you know."

Weekend Farmer

By J. LOUIS KUETHE



PERHAPS the most interesting aspect of weekend farming is the ever-changing panorama of the country, the infinite number of interesting pictures for the eye and sounds for the ear.

As I walk down the hill to his house, the neighbor's Black Angus cattle stare with bovine curiosity. The tinkling, which I first thought to be the sound of bells, actually comes from the brass registration tags hanging by chains around the necks of the cows. Across the valley the cows look like raisins dotting a cinnamon bun of rolling pasture, brown with winter grass.

Calves, nearly as big as their mothers, try to nurse as their dams move along grazing on the sparse forage. For no apparent reason, a calf will suddenly kick up his heels and with flirting tail gallop across

the hillside. Or two will put their heads together for an impromptu butting contest, always parting with no malice.

One day last winter when the cattle saw me forking litter onto a trash pile, they came bawling down to the fence, certain that it was feeding time. With practically no grass on the winter pasture, they are fed with hay and silage forked onto the ground from a truck.

One constant factor each weekend in the country is the conversation of the crows. Usually it is just gossip, but occasionally it turns into more vicious language as they bedevil a hawk or a fox. Strangely enough, the hawks do not seem to know how to cope with their tormentors. Perhaps the crow can out-maneuver the hawk in flight. Even a single crow will harry a hawk in the open, and



with a futile shriek of protest the hawk will head for safety of the woods.

Just once I have seen a crow bother a cruising buzzard, but the larger bird, with great dignity, soon escaped. However, the crow receives his come-uppance when he comes in range of a king bird. This diminutive warrior will escort any trespassing bird out of its territory, darting in and out with a vicious attack, fully confident of its superior flying ability.

There is a vast difference between crows living in the country and those in city parks and other urban wooded areas. The city crow shows little fear of people, and will not fly even though a human comes quite close.

In the country it is difficult to get within a quarter of a mile of crows feeding in an open field or pasture. There are warning calls and the flock will noisily depart. If not, they drift away one by one without a sound.

ONE SCORE against the crow is its trick of pulling up sprouted corn for the kernel from which it grew. One year I tried for early corn and lost it to the crows. I later found that if I planted my little

patch at the same time that my neighbor planted his acres, the crows would leave my few rows alone as lean pickings.

Winter seems to decrease distances in the country, by increasing visibility. Neighboring houses which had been hidden by the leafy trees are now exposed to view. Birds' nests, often the object of fruitless search in the nesting season, stand out clearly in the bare branches of trees and shrubs. Groundhog holes, raw mounds of dirt in the hedgerows, show through the underbrush. Small animal runs crisscross the ground. In one tree is a leafy nest like those built by gray squirrels, but the only squirrel I have seen in this grove is the little red. Does it build a fall nest like the gray?

Mantis egg cases on bare shrubs and weeds seem more numerous than the insects themselves had been in the summer. The stream runs with more noise. Perhaps it carries less water and more rocks stick out to impede its progress.

As I rest on the porch, a disturbing thought obtrudes itself into my reveries. If I spend all of my time in the country instead of just the weekends, will I lose my perspective? Will the little things cease to be of interest, become commonplace?

▷ THE FOGHORN ◁

HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

By A. A. Hoehling

THE DREAM of a Gloucester fisherman, 54 years ago, is still saving lives at sea from Suez to Seattle. Like the venerable prophecy about the mousetrap, Llewelyn Lothrop invented a better foghorn, and the world has beaten a path to his door. His unique loft factory beside the fish wharves has turned out nearly 50,000 horns, which have protected more souls over the years than the atom bomb has claimed.

Lothrop died in 1922 at 85, and his son Frank, almost at that age, recently sold his interests. But Lothrop's Patent Fog Horn (its official name) continues to be made in the historic fishing town by a young ex-ship's carpenter named Ernest Curtis. Would-be competitors just can't seem to copy the contraption successfully. It remains the only thing of its kind anywhere.

It's both the law and good sense that some sort of mechanical foghorn be carried on all boats and ships, irrespective of size and other more elaborate signaling devices. Oddly enough, at the turn of the century, there was nothing of this sort available.

Seafaring men, with something less than a 1,000-ton steam vessel beneath their feet, had to rely on lung power when trapped in a fog, or on the same sort of crude horns familiar to New Year's Eve.

As recounted by his son, the senior Lothrop, whose yen for adventure had already taken him to the Yukon, had a dream or "a vision." He seemed to see that horn, very much as it looks today, and fishing craft were sailing safely through the deepest gloom while it wailed its throaty warning.

Mighty strange it is, too. From the outside it's a pine box, painted bright red, with a wooden handle on one side. Open the lid and the contents are not too impressive; black canvas bellows and a pair of brass horns, plus incidental fittings. But crank the handle vigorously to and fro — a piercing moan starts blasting which all but has the statues in the park craning their necks.

The secret is in the power of the bellows and in the forming of metal reeds in the twin horns. The larger models (it comes in seven sizes)

can be heard at least five miles, which is one reason why the fame of it has spread to the Seven Seas, and made Lothrop's unusual business as renowned within its own sphere as Gloucester itself.

Lighthouses use the largest model, size "oo," as do lightships for emergency use as a special dead-awakening trump card.

THE *United States*, queen of our merchant marine and Atlantic Blue Ribbon holder, has one of the horns, as do many other passenger and freight vessels. Yachtsmen, in addition to fishermen, consider them virtually standard equipment, like a rudder or anchor.

Frank Lothrop has received letters from grateful users of the horn from the earth's far corners. Some were in languages which defied translation. All spoke of the rugged dependability of the device, some flatly credited it with their continuing earthly existence.

"We were heading toward Liverpool to our Mersey anchorage," wrote an English fisherman. "One of these Irish sea fogs came in; we were almost in the channel, full of traffic. A big Royal Navy cruiser comes bearing down on us out of the fog, looked like a mountain . . . we worked your foghorn . . . he veered just in time, missed our little half-pint by inches . . ."

Lothrop's Patent Fog Horn was rallied to the nation's defense in two World Wars. The little loft

factory, reeking of tar and fish and the familiar oily smell of machinery, bulged at the seams as additional workers were recruited and lathes put whirring at full speed. Production was stepped up. Records were lost in a recent fire, but Lothrop estimates that several thousand horns were manufactured in each of the war periods alone.

Incredibly durable, an early model Lothrop was washed ashore on the Pacific coast. Baffled at first, the finder eventually identified it and returned it to Gloucester. With only a few minor repairs, the horn was working perfectly again.

Today, Curtis, who carries on the business, is re-equipping the old factory with the most modern machinery. It will enable him, he believes, to keep up with the fluctuating demand single-handed.

People are free to copy the horn slavishly. They have, but they can't seem to make it function quite the way it should. They invariably fail within a few months or even weeks. This was the appropriate fate of one attempted copier who went to the ridiculous extreme of bribing a bookkeeper of Lothrop's to procure blueprints.

Curtis thinks it may be the atmosphere itself of this salty old Gloucester loft which supplies the final ingredient to a perfect foghorn — a foghorn, moreover, which is saving at least one ship and more lives in some part of the globe every day of the week.

Is Democracy Making Japanese Women

Neurotic?

By BERYL KENT

IF Lieutenant Pinkerton were to return to Tokyo today, Madame Butterfly would probably sue him for bigamy and desertion, so revolutionary has been the impact of democracy on the feudalistic training of Japanese women. Their metamorphosis from subservience to self-reliance will go down in history as one of the most dramatic episodes of our times.

But has democracy helped or hindered these women in their pursuit of happiness? The measurable results of the past eight years reveal an eyebrow-raising number of marriages between Japanese girls and American boys; a marked increase of female college students, workers and union members. Women vote, hold public office, and by constitutional law are entitled to social, political and economic equality. However, the same yardstick discloses a nationwide growth of juvenile delinquents; lowered marriage and higher

divorce rates. Nervous breakdowns, formerly unknown, have hospitalized women.

With the introduction to democratic ways, the Japanese women got a closer insight on American ideals of nutrition, personal appearance and desired personality traits. And in their intense desire to emulate our standards they are becoming dissatisfied with themselves and frustrated by circumstances they cannot control.

Because the Japanese never encouraged intermarriage, they preserved their national characteristics. Most native women are under five feet tall, have straight, black, coarse hair, brown eyes which appear to slant because of heavy, fleshy eyelids. There is a definite yellow cast to their fine complexions and their features are small and broad.

In proportion to their height, their torsos are long, with legs short and bowed. This universal

defect is due to the traditional custom of carrying babies papoose fashion on the back with legs strapped around the mothers' waists. The people themselves realize this and native slang for women is "daikon ashi" meaning "horse-radish legs."

No less definite than these physical characteristics are the uniform personality traits engendered by the generations of training. Japanese women are extremely submissive; self-effacing; gentle; sweet; self-sacrificing to the *n*th degree; incredibly naïve; and they seem to remain childlike throughout their lives.

Now that the Japanese girl may compete for the same job as her brother, she finds she must meet the same challenges confronting him. Unemployment for women, completely foreign before, has become a terrifying prospect. So has the fear of spinsterhood become an additional problem. The tension between the teen-ager growing up in the new order and her feudalistically conditioned mother is fierce.

Japanese women are discovering that the blessings of democracy do not fall like gentle cherry blossoms; they must be earned. Although the old system reduced women's status to a low level, it also gave them greater protection. Under the traditional "family system," where generations lived together under one

roof, girls were not expected to leave home and work. "Arranged" marriages were usually happy, with all concerned conditioned through tradition for harmonious living.

We have transposed a freedom which has flourished in our wide-open spaces and opportunities for settling new areas. But

Japan is 160,000 square miles, about the size of California. And it has 80,000,000 people while California has 10,000,000. Furthermore it's a mountainous land with recurrent earthquakes and active volcanoes. Only 17 per cent of its land can be used for

planting. And it has unbearably hot summers not unlike Washington, D. C.'s, and miserably cold winters.

These geographical factors have had their effect on Japanese culture. It was the acute shortage of land and food which resulted in Japan's feudalistic traditions. It is true that we have helped feed the people, but we cannot expand the land.

In delivering democracy to Japan, have we helped Oriental women to greater happiness or have we made them neurotic? It's only eight years after the Potsdam Declaration and still too early to pass judgment. But it's doubtful whether the inescapable factors of environment and heredity will permit native Japanese women to follow democratic ways without grave personal injury.





BY ALBERT E. JOHNSON

One Seat in the Peanut Gallery, Please

WHILE only the actor approaching one hundred and ten, and slightly addle-pated at that, is so nostalgically overwhelmed by the good old days of the theater as to pine for their ranting, asthmatic return, there is no denying their extraordinary zip, their hilarious improvisations and bursting vitality. The vast barn-like structures or the small, inadequate halls encountered on tour — ill-ventilated, poorly heated, uncertainly lit, and odoriferously occupied — are happily gone; but with them has disappeared, not so happily, some of the pungency and zest that made the earlier American theater a glorious adventure.

It is as well established a routine today as the jokes of Jack Benny that audiences will not be kept waiting in their seats for a performance to begin because the star has slipped off for a grand tour of the saloons. This would be shocking, disgraceful,

un-American. Yet we also will never savor the experience of that Boston audience about a century ago when the great and popular Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin, was finally located — pie-eyed — and rushed to the theater to play *King Lear*. Hearing the stamping and yelping of the impatient auditors, he stuck his head out between the curtains, shook his fist at the paying customers, and in a voice that made Sten-tor's sound like a case of laryngitis boomed: "Shut up! You shut up and in ten minutes I'll give you the damndest *Lear* you ever saw in your lives!" Dramatic history reveals that he did, too.

It is even more shocking and disgraceful when the player doesn't show up at all. But I for one would give the medal I won in dancing class or my snapshot of Warren Gammaliel Harding to have been in Wallack's Theatre that night in

1855 when Georgiana Hodson, the leading lady of the burlesque *Pocahontas*, suddenly and without telling the management, left New York for California. John Brougham, the then-famous comedian and author of the piece, and Charles Walcott agreed to play it anyway, without her: *Pocahontas* without Pocahontas. They improvised everything necessary in the proper verse, bobbing all over the stage to indicate the non-existent Poky's whereabouts. Everyone who reported on that performance labeled it one of the most hilarious in memory. And fifty years later it was still being talked, laughed and written about.

OUR sophisticated audiences today, quite rightly, will not tolerate atrocious acting. Yet in *Hamlet*, the once notorious and now forgotten Count Johannes (his real name was George Jones), lambasted by critics as the worst actor B. C. (before Corse Payton), outdrew the greatest *Hamlet* America had produced, Edwin Booth. Everybody called Count Johannes crazy, but there were a few, like William A. Brady, who detected the whiff of showmanship. At any rate, hissed off stages, booed and laughed at, he opened at the Bowery Theatre where, in competition with Booth at the Academy of Music, he enacted the greatest role in dramatic history — behind a net! Wise management, however, had not placed the net high enough to exclude

well-aimed tokens of appreciation from the gallery. During the graveyard scene when the cabbages were flying fast, the Count picked up one of them instead of Yorick's skull and substituted for his next speech this reasonable facsimile: "Alas, poor cabbagehead! Gaze upon thy brothers out yonder!" Crazy, he doubtless was, but some say he died crazy rich.

What a splendid thing it is that our actors these days learn their art, if not on Broadway itself, in legitimately organized professional or little theaters, or in the academic atmosphere and cultural environment of our colleges and universities! Thirty or more years ago almost every respectable actor who was dry behind the aural cavities had to admit that he had learned much of his business in a Tom-show. Since the debut of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1852 there were dozens upon dozens of adaptations and revivals all over this country, and in England even unto the twentieth century.

When by the '70's almost every tank town in the country had witnessed one version or another of the play, the old piece was given a hypodermic by presenting it with *two* Topsy's, *two* little Evas, *two* Lawyer Marks's, and so on. These double casts were not alternates but acted at the same time. For instance, in the auction scene, a Lawyer Marks on each side of the stage sold an Uncle Tom to a Simon Legree by

speaking the lines alternately.

And how about the bloodhounds, as famous as Eliza's crossing the ice? Although audiences accepted them with the delight born of vicarious terror, they were, in reality, almost always Great Danes and mastiffs. The genuine animal, besides being difficult and expensive to obtain, was too floppy-eared and droopy-looking to stir the veins of anything but another bloodhound of the opposite sex. The murderous growls of the Great Danes as they ferociously attacked Lawyer Marks, accompanied by his blood-curdling shrieks, always electrified the audience. This amazing realism depended upon an inconspicuous collar worn by the villainous lawyer. To it was attached and cleverly concealed, a rubber sausage for which the Great Dane had as ecstatic an infatuation as a cat for catnip.

TODAY, we expect authenticity in costume and scenery; we are quick, if not indignant, in detecting anachronisms. But some eighty years ago when Edwin Booth was on tour as Hamlet, so engrossed was the audience in the play and the acting that it noticed nothing incongruous in the fact that Hamlet interviewed the spirit of his dead father in a dense wood; or as Shylock, when he made his hideous bargain of the pound of flesh not in Venice but on an American Main Street decorated with advertisements of feed stores and the local undertaker!

Maybe Barry Sullivan, whom Shaw considered the finest actor he had ever seen, was right when he said of an excellent and authentic setting for *Richard III*: "Take it away! Give me a simple street drop and an arch. I want the audience to look at me, not at the scenery."

Thank heaven our present-day actors have a month or two to learn their lines and do not have to resort to "winging a part" — memorizing the lines in the wings and then going on to speak them before they are forgotten. But odious and all too necessary as the practice was, it produced some delectable anecdotes. A company with which Henry Irving had been associated in his early career was playing at Leeds, England, and had for one week as its star attraction a "Dog-man." That is, the star performed with two trained dogs who seized the villain, aided the hero, and pranced in with the mortgage money at the climactic moment. Since his play fell flat with the public, he was asked to substitute a sure-fire, pull-'em-in drama, by title *Hamlet*. He was delighted.

"A GOOD IDEA!" he agreed. "Use the dogs — Hamlet's dog. Let him rescue the King in the last act."

The stage manager tactfully inquired if he had ever played Hamlet.

"No, but that's all right. I'll wing the beggar!"

But the length of the role and the enormous number of lines so amazed

our ex-Dog-man that he gave up the idea with the exclamation: "That bloomin' Dane sure cackles, though, don't he?"

Thank heaven, also, that our acting companies have expert and minute direction, that they are carefully, nay painstakingly rehearsed. We expect no less than that our stars should know where to move on the stage, when to turn, when to nod the head or drop the jaw. But for juicy remembrance I would donate my first edition of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to charity if I could have been one of the eight thousand who in the 1880's (in Ohio, I think) watched a stageload of famous stars — Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett — in *Othello*.

McCullough was to have directed the only rehearsal, but didn't. Since Miss Anderson hadn't the foggiest notion how McCullough and Barrett played the tragedy, she turned to Miss Morris for help; but that young lady was equally nonplused. They decided to trust Lady Luck.

According to Mary Anderson's own account, whenever Desdemona announced that her lord was coming from one side, he invariably entered from the other. A little later, when the two ladies were alone onstage, the cue was given for Othello to enter, but he did not appear. To fill in the pause Desdemona ad-libbed, "Ah, here comes my noble lord!" Still no Othello.

Not to be outdone in this emergency, Clara Morris brightly remarked, "Patience, good lady. I will go and seek the Moor."

This brilliant inspiration left Mary Anderson completely alone on the vast stage for what must have been one of the longest of stage waits. Fortunately, she had some embroidery with her, so she sat down, smiling cheerfully, and embroidered for something like three minutes as happily as though it were a part of the script. After what seemed an eternity, she caught a glimpse of Clara tugging in Othello. Blissfully unaware of the error, he had gone to change his costume for the next scene. Springing to her feet, Mary tossed the embroidery into the air and cried out in what must have been the understatement of the year: "O, be praised, ye heavens, here comes the noble Moor at last!"

The theater brought 'em up hard in those days, but they prospered and the audiences loved 'em. Critically, ham a number of them were, but we could use a little of its robustiousness today. At least you could *hear* it and *feel* it. It struck you squarely in the solar plexus, bounced off the walls of the auditorium, and all but blew out the gas jets or shivered the electric chandeliers. There was in it both a power and a glory.

I think we could do with a slice or two of ham. Today, we get mostly canapés.

BOOK CONDENSATION

The
TWENTY-YEAR
REVOLUTION

By Chesly Manly



HENRY REGNERY

CHICAGO 1954

The Twenty-Year Revolution

By CHESLY MANLY

SEVEN MONTHS after the Eisenhower administration took office, policies and programs laid down by members of the Soviet conspiracy were still in effect, according to a unanimous report of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, consisting of five Republicans and three Democrats.

This astonishing report, dated August 24, 1953, is only one item in a mass of evidence convicting the Eisenhower administration of betraying the promises by which it won election after 20 years of the Roosevelt New Deal and the Truman Fair Deal. Under the Eisenhower Crusade, the fateful question remains the same: whether the American republic, born in a patriotic revolution against foreign oppressors, can survive a stealthy, encroaching revolution, motivated by treasonous allegiance to alien ideologies.

The primary menace to the republic is not the Soviet military threat, but internal subversion, the development of a revolutionary crisis, through control of foreign policy and related armaments programs. World War II demonstrated that domestic policy, particularly in the

economic field, can be determined by Federal expenditures generated by a great emergency. Revolutionaries in the Government learned that a post-war external crisis would provide continued justification for the taxing and spending levels and the stifling economic controls by which they hoped to destroy the American free enterprise system.

Earl Browder, who headed the American Communist Party for 15 years, declared in 1950 that socialism (by which he meant Communism) had progressed farther in the United States than in Great Britain, which had been ruled by a socialist government since 1945. Most of the 33,927,549 Americans who voted for Eisenhower in 1952 undoubtedly hoped to stem the tide of collectivism in this country. Republican campaign orators concentrated their attacks on the Communist infiltration of the Government, the drift to national socialism, centralization of power in Washington, corruption in public office, the "bloated bureaucracy," profligate spending, unbearable taxes, debt, inflation, etc. They promised to halt the march of statism — and they won a landslide victory.

There was no basic disagreement between the Republican and the Democratic candidates on foreign policy. The hopes of the people who voted for Eisenhower have been frustrated, however, primarily because there has been no change in our foreign and military policies. These policies — the cost of past wars, preparations for war, and foreign aid — account for seven-eighths of the Federal budget. The Eisenhower administration's foreign and military policies are indistinguishable from those which produced the present crisis except that even greater global commitments have been made.

In a prophetic speech at Jackson, Mississippi, on March 22, 1952, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur declared that American fiscal policy was "leading us toward a Communist state with as dreadful certainty as though the leaders of the Kremlin themselves were charting our course." In another speech the nation's most distinguished military leader said that "talk of imminent threat to our national security through the application of external force is pure nonsense."

The writings of Lenin and Stalin make it abundantly clear that Soviet strategy contemplates the use of military force to overthrow the American stronghold of capitalism only after a "revolutionary crisis" has developed in this country and then only if armed intervention is required. Meanwhile the Kremlin hopes to develop world revolution

by Communist subversive activity in the non-Communist countries and by applying pressure all around the 25,000 mile periphery of the Soviet empire, thereby inducing the United States to spend itself bankrupt.

IN A radio report to the nation on the budget and taxes, May 19, 1953, President Eisenhower acknowledged that the United States faces "more than merely a military threat." He said that the Soviet leaders had coldly calculated that they could force an unbearable security burden upon America. He recognized that prolonged inflation could over-strain our economy and destroy our freedom.

But having recognized the fiscal peril, what did the President propose to do about it? Elected on repeated pledges to reduce spending and taxes, he proposed expenditures of 74.1 billion dollars in the 1954 fiscal year and declared that present conditions would permit no reduction in taxes. He proposed to spend 30 billion dollars more than Truman spent in fiscal year 1951, during all of which we were at war in Korea. He proposed 43.2 billion dollars in fiscal year 1954 for national defense.

As recently as March, 1950, General Omar N. Bradley, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told a Senate military appropriations subcommittee that 13 billion dollars was enough for the national defense budget for the next fiscal year. He said the nation's economic strength

could be destroyed by excessive spending. Any chairman of the Joint Chiefs who would recommend a national defense expenditure of 30 or 40 billion dollars a year should be fired, Bradley declared. Yet he was still chairman when he helped prepare Eisenhower's 43.2-billion-dollar defense budget for fiscal year 1954.

THE exigency of the fiscal peril was emphasized when Eisenhower asked Congress to raise the statutory debt ceiling from 275 billion to 290 billion dollars. The annual interest cost of the debt is nearing 7 billion dollars, which is almost as much as the total cost of government in the early years of the Roosevelt administration.

On October 8, 1953, Eisenhower told a press conference that a balanced budget would always be a goal of his administration. But it was impossible, he declared, to pick a specific date. This is exactly what Franklin D. Roosevelt used to say year after year, as the prospect of a balanced budget receded farther and farther beyond the horizon.

Eisenhower's appointments in the foreign relations field assured a continuation of the Roosevelt and Truman policies. The State Department remained under the domination of holdovers from the regimes of George C. Marshall and Dean Acheson, who betrayed China to Communism and involved the United States in a disastrous, lost war in Korea. Seven

months after Eisenhower took office, four "China-trained" Marshall-Acheson holdovers were Assistant Secretaries of State, in charge of relations with all the geographical regions of the earth. The under-secretary for policy-making, Walter Bedell Smith, a Marshall protégé, might well have been court-martialed for dereliction of duty on the basis of an Army board's report on the Pearl Harbor disaster. The Secretary, John Foster Dulles, served the Truman administration at international conferences or as a State Department adviser from 1945 to 1952 and was a patron, a colleague and a dupe of the traitor Alger Hiss. Ignoring an urgent warning, which at least put him on notice to consult the FBI, Dulles made Hiss president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where he was in a position to influence policy both in the State Department and in the United Nations.

President Eisenhower appears to be a prisoner of revolutionary forces which are beyond his power of resistance, if not comprehension. He is pathetically sensitive to the clamor of the brainwashed liberals, who aid the Communist conspiracy by screaming about "McCarthyism." When the McCarthy committee launched a campaign to remove Communist books from the overseas libraries of the United States Information Service, maintained with taxpayers' money to promote American ideals in foreign countries, Eisenhower admonished the people against joining

what he called "the book burners." Although committed to a policy of refraining from personal recrimination, the President personally took part in a campaign of misrepresentation and character assassination which forced the resignation of Dr. J. B. Matthews, one of the country's leading authorities on the Soviet conspiracy, shortly after he became executive director of the McCarthy committee. Despite three recommendations from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the Eisenhower administration has refused to institute a perjury prosecution against the notorious John P. Davies, Jr., one of the architects of the betrayal of China and Korea, and has even retained him in the State Department's Foreign Service.

How shall we assess responsibility for America's tragic plight? Who launched this headlong charge into national disaster? The Communists and their Marxist cousins, the Socialists, have worked for revolution since the advent of the New Deal by infiltrating Government offices, labor unions, schools and colleges, churches, radio and television, the movies, the publishing business. The Communist cause has been advanced by a vast penumbra of fellow travelers, witting, unwitting and witless dupes, false liberals and left "intellectuals"; by world-savers who would bankrupt America to aid foreign countries; by promoters of world government or

federation schemes, who would submerge American sovereignty in some supra-national authority or subvert the Constitution by treaty law-making through the United Nations; and by generals and admirals in the Pentagon who exaggerate the Soviet military menace to justify stupendous appropriations for armaments.

The Socialists, whose program has been taken over in the United States by Americans for Democratic Action, the Left wing of the Democratic Party, are the main reserve forces of the revolutionary movement, in which Communist cadres constitute the vanguard. Communists and Socialists attack each other violently, because of tactical differences, but their objectives are substantially identical.

Two events which profoundly altered the course of history occurred shortly after Franklin D. Roosevelt took the oath of office on March 4, 1933, swearing to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." One was Roosevelt's establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, fountainhead of world revolution, whose leaders had affirmed their determination to destroy constitutional government in the United States and replace it with Communism. The other event was the influx of thousands of Communists and Marxian Socialists into the Federal Government.

Both events were due in a con-

siderable degree to the machinations of Justice Felix Frankfurter, then a Harvard Law School professor. Through his influence, the legal divisions of almost every department and agency of the Government were staffed in whole or in part with Harvard Law School graduates. While Harvard supplied most of the revolutionary lawyers for the New Deal, including Alger Hiss, Columbia University contributed the largest quota of Marxian economists, including Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, Roosevelt's most influential brain-truster.

When J. Peters, Hungarian boss of the Communist underground, took Whittaker Chambers to Washington in 1934, he made this exultant comment: "Even in Germany under the Weimar Republic the Party did not have what we have here."

Most of the New Dealers believed that a revolution could be carried out without bloodshed, by means of Federal taxing and spending policies, government competition with private industry, and laws that would hamstring business while aggrandizing labor unions (the proletariat) as a broad base for the perpetuation of political power. This was the doctrine of the British Fabian Socialists. However, some New Dealers were prepared to countenance violence if it should become necessary to accomplish their objectives.

Said Professor Tugwell in 1932: "Perhaps our statesmen will give way, or be more or less gently removed from duty; perhaps our Constitution and statutes will be revised; perhaps our vested interests will submit to control without too violent resistance. It is difficult to believe that any of these will happen; it seems incredible that we may have a revolution. Yet the new kind of economic machinery we have in prospect cannot function in our economy."

President Roosevelt collaborated with the Communists because they held the balance of power in New York State through control of the American Labor Party, and were a major factor in other populous states, such as Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, because of their influence in the CIO. In 1938, when Representative Dies of Texas, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was about to hold hearings on Communism in the CIO, Roosevelt sent for him and told him he could not go forward with his investigation. The President said it would antagonize the CIO and harm the Democratic Party in many Congressional districts in the fall elections. When Dies refused to call off the hearings, Roosevelt warned him that he would destroy his prospects for "a very bright political career."

The Communists not only dominated the CIO, as was shown by the House committee's hearings, but

controlled the National Labor Relations Board, as the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee demonstrated beyond any possibility of reasonable doubt at hearings in 1953. Between the tyranny of the NLRB and the revolutionary activity of the Communists in the unions, such as sitdown strikes, mass picketing and other organized violence, American industry was subjected to a reign of terror which alarmed the nation.

In 1937, Roosevelt tried to pack the Supreme Court because it had ruled that the NRA, the AAA and other major New Deal measures were unconstitutional. Although he lost his fight to pack the court, he won his war to change the American form of government. When the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Labor Relations Act on April 12, 1937, the United States ceased to be a republic with a government of limited powers, expressly enumerated in the Constitution, and became a welfare state on the European model, in which the national legislature has power to regulate industry, agriculture, and virtually all the activities of the citizens.

In 1939, Whittaker Chambers went to A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, and named the leaders of the Soviet underground who had penetrated the Government. When Berle took this information to Roosevelt, the President at first laughed and then told

Berle to "go jump in the lake."

THE Roosevelt depression struck the country in 1937. Unemployment increased at an alarming rate and was estimated at 11,000,000 in November, 1937, according to a Government census report. It got so bad that Roosevelt told Henry Morgenthau, on January 16, 1938, that he would have to step out at the end of his second term and turn the country over to a Republican or a conservative Democratic administration. But the Munich conference and the prospect of war in Europe offered Roosevelt a way out of his difficulty. A man of overweening vanity, he was concerned about his place in history, as all his biographers agree. In the war he saw an opportunity not only to defeat the depression, but to defeat Hitler and all the forces of evil as well, thereby assuring for himself an incomparable place in history which would endure throughout the ages.

There is impressive evidence that Roosevelt was responsible for the involvement of Great Britain and France, as well as the United States, in World War II. If he had refrained from goading British and French officials to stand up to Hitler, and from promising American help if their resistance should result in war, the conflict might have been confined to Germany and Russia. The two most horrible dictatorships in history then would have fought each other to impotence, and western

Europe and the United States would have been spared the disasters visited upon them by World War II, as well as the terrible sacrifices now required by the menace of Communist Russia.

Some Roosevelt apologists now acknowledge that he maneuvered the country into the conflict by waging undeclared war against Germany in the Atlantic while provoking the Japanese until they gave him the "incident" he wanted at Pearl Harbor. Not so well known is the part played by the Communist fifth column in precipitating the war with Japan.

The Communists were clamoring for American intervention against Japan in China because a Japanese victory would menace the Soviet Union and because Stalin had staked out China for himself. Chiang Kai-shek's political adviser in 1941 was Owen Lattimore, described by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." Lauchlin Currie, an administrative assistant to the President and a member of the Soviet conspiracy, according to the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley, persuaded Roosevelt to recommend Lattimore to Chiang Kai-shek.

State Secretary Hull was working on a modus vivendi proposal to avert war with Japan. Lattimore, in Chungking, sent Currie, in the White House, a message stating that Chiang was "really agitated" about

the modus vivendi proposal and warning that it would permit the Japanese to "escape military defeat by diplomatic victory." Hull testified before a joint Congressional committee that Chiang's opposition was a factor in his decision to abandon the modus vivendi. Instead of the modus vivendi, Hull handed the Japanese his historic ten-point ultimatum, which was described by the Army Pearl Harbor Board as "touching the button that started the war." A memorandum drafted by the late Harry Dexter White, a Soviet spy in the Treasury Department, was handed to Roosevelt by Secretary Morgenthau, and it became the basis of Hull's tragic ultimatum.

THE object of the war, as the revolutionists in Washington saw it, was world revolution in the image of the Soviet Union. American Communists, working under the direct supervision of shadowy agents of the Kremlin, sat in the centers of power of the United States Government, hatching such revolutionary schemes as the Morgenthau plan for the destruction of Germany, UNRRA and other post-war multi-billion-dollar giveaway programs, the International Monetary Fund and World Bank, and the United Nations. Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's alter ego, said it was a fight "for economic freedom for the people of the world," and that "the great wealth of the world must be shared

with all people." Roosevelt told Sumner Welles that both the American and the Soviet systems would undergo modifications until all but about 20 per cent of the difference between them would be eliminated.

All strategic and post-war political plans made by the Roosevelt administration assumed that Germany would be destroyed, that Communist Russia would dominate Europe, and that Stalin therefore must be appeased at any cost. The Roosevelt-Marshall-Hopkins war philosophy, first expressed in a secret report dated September 11, 1941, excluded a negotiated peace even with an anti-Nazi regime in Germany. Although unwilling to attempt a rescue of the American and Filipino forces on Bataan, Roosevelt and his war leaders, including General Eisenhower, were prepared to take any risk, at whatever cost in American lives, to save the Soviet Union. They even considered an invasion of western Europe in the fall of 1942, although Eisenhower admitted that the necessary equipment did not exist.

The decision to fight a land war with Germany was a tragic mistake, unnecessary for the defeat of Hitler. Having made that decision, the American "Russia first" strategists stubbornly adhered to their plan for an invasion of western Europe, as desired by Stalin, despite strong opposition from Winston Churchill. The British leader vainly pleaded for an operation through Yugo-

slavia into central and southeastern Europe, before Stalin could get there.

The "Unconditional Surrender" policy, described by Roosevelt as "just the thing for the Russians," greatly strengthened Hitler's position and prolonged the war. Washington's refusal to cooperate with the powerful anti-Nazi resistance movement in Germany also was a factor in prolonging the war. Having surrendered eastern Europe and eastern Asia to Stalin at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, the Roosevelt and Truman administrations gave him control of central Europe by failing to take Berlin, Prague and Vienna, and by agreeing to a Soviet occupation zone in which Berlin was an island with no access corridor for the American, British and French sectors.

THE military judgment of General Marshall was the decisive factor in the Yalta betrayal. General MacArthur, Admiral Leahy and Admiral Nimitz maintained that Japan was defeated, that it would surrender without an invasion, and that Russian participation in the war was undesirable.

Marshall's next great service to the Communist cause was the suppression of a proposed surrender warning to Japan, identical with the declaration later issued at Potsdam, which might have ended the war two months earlier, before Russia could come in. If this declaration had been issued at the end of May, when Marshall shelved it, thousands

of American lives might have been saved, for the bloody battle of Okinawa did not end until June 21. President Truman approved the proposed declaration on May 29, but Marshall held it up, saying it was "premature." Presumably he wanted to wait until the Russians could come in and claim the spoils promised them at Yalta.

The identical ultimatum, issued at Potsdam on July 26, was the basis of Japan's surrender on August 14. The United States Strategic Bombing Survey concluded after an exhaustive investigation that Japan would have surrendered if the atomic bomb had not been used and if Russia had not come into the war.

On January 27, 1950, Representative (now Vice-President) Nixon of California made a speech in the House in which he quoted directly from a secret FBI memorandum on Soviet espionage in the United States, dated November 25, 1945. Nixon said this document was "circulated among several key Government departments and was made available to the President" in November, 1945. The FBI report was placed in the record of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on April 14, 1953. It stated that Igor Gouzenko, former code clerk in the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, had quoted his superiors as saying the Kremlin had an agent in the United States who was an assistant to State Secretary Stettinius. Alger Hiss was an assistant to Stettinius. The FBI report also

contained a detailed account of Miss Bentley's statements to the FBI, identifying 37 Government officials and employees as members of the Soviet espionage service. Among these were Alger Hiss, head of the Office of Special Political (United Nations) Affairs in the State Department; Harry Dexter White, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Lauchlin Currie, Administrative Assistant to the President.

THIS evidence shows that as early as November, 1945, Truman had received information from the FBI that Hiss, White and many other officials of his administration were Soviet spies. As the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee reported on August 24, 1953, "these people stayed in their jobs, received promotions, and influenced policy for several years after impressive information had been marshalled." In January, 1946, Truman promoted White to the office of United States executive director of the International Monetary Fund. In the same month, Hiss went to London as senior adviser to the American delegation to the first session of the United Nations General Assembly.

The FBI report also shows that the FBI, prior to November 25, 1945, had examined Gouzenko, and therefore had all the evidence he turned over to Canadian authorities regarding Americans involved in the Soviet spy ring in Canada. Press dispatches from Ottawa attributed to

Canadian officials the information that 163 Americans were named in a notebook of one of the suspects in the spy investigation. If this information had been acted upon immediately, Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs and other atomic spies arrested in 1950 might have been rounded up five years earlier. On April 18, 1946, Representative Dondero of Michigan told the House that he had discussed the Canadian case with "J. Edgar Hoover for one hour," that the FBI wanted to arrest the American suspects, and that "the arrests were forbidden by the State Department."

From abject appeasement of the Soviet Union, even to the extent of sheltering American traitors, the Truman administration veered 180 degrees to a global policy of "containing" Communism; but the shift was more apparent than real. The revolutionaries were using the Communist menace as a pretext to spend the United States into collectivism. Meanwhile, they were actively promoting Communism in Asia.

THE Far Eastern policy of the United States, from the Yalta conference to the Korean war, was anticipated by J. V. Stalin in his book, *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question*. Stalin called for a "united front" with Chiang Kai-shek's government as the first step in a program to overthrow it and establish a "Soviet China." He declared that "the road to the victory

of the revolution in the West lies through revolutionary alliance with the colonies and dependent countries against imperialism." In order to win a war against Europe and America, which he called the front, it was necessary, Stalin said, to "revolutionize the enemy's rear" in the Far East.

Having been put on notice by Stalin himself that Soviet Communism regarded the United States as an enemy, the downfall of which would be hastened by revolution in the Far East, the Truman administration promoted the Communist revolutionary cause in Japan, China and Korea. John Carter Vincent, head of the State Department's Far Eastern division, who was identified in sworn testimony as a member of the Communist Party, rebuked General MacArthur for violating State Department directives which were intended, Vincent said, to use Japan "for building a bridgehead of friendship to the Soviet Union." Vincent, using language taken verbatim from resolutions of the Communist Party, drafted instructions for General Marshall's China mission, calling for "a strong, united, democratic China" and the integration of the Chinese Communist forces into Chiang Kai-shek's armies.

Marshall cut off all American supplies and brought other pressure to bear in an effort to force Chiang to bring the Communists into his government. He promoted a cease-fire agreement, which gave the hard-

pressed Communists time to move into Manchuria and receive Japanese and American lend-lease arms from the Russians in preparation for their conquest of China. Marshall said he knew all the time that the Chinese Communists were devoted adherents of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. Yet on January 7, 1947, he denounced Chiang Kai-shek's government for expressing its belief "that cooperation by the Chinese Communist Party in the government was inconceivable and that only a policy of force could definitely settle the issue."

In 1947 Marshall's State Department suppressed a prophetic report by General Wedemeyer, warning that positive steps were required to prevent the establishment of a Communist-dominated China. The Department also suppressed a report by General Wedemeyer warning that the Soviet Union had trained a powerful North Korean army and would soon demand the withdrawal of all foreign troops, American and Russian, from the peninsula. He urged sufficient aid to the South Koreans to meet the threat from the North, but Marshall ignored his proposals and submitted the fate of Korea to the United Nations. After the American troops had been withdrawn, pursuant to a U.N. resolution, Dean Acheson, on January 12, 1950, invited a Communist attack by announcing that the United States would not defend South Korea.

GENERAL MACARTHUR was fired by the Truman administration when he sought to end the Korean war by winning it. Heading the appeasement wails of the Anglo-Indian bloc in the U.N., as well as the defeatist counsel of the revolutionaries in the State Department, the Truman administration anxiously sued for an armistice, leaving North Korea under Communist control. Ignoring a warning by Senate Majority Leader Knowland of California that "a divided Korea will be a Communist Korea," the Eisenhower administration was happy to win such an armistice.

There is little hope that the present administration, the Republican Party, or the Democratic Party can be depended upon to redirect our foreign and military policies, to put our financial affairs in order, and to halt our appalling progress to perdition. We must have a political realignment in this country, and a new political party, to express the will of millions of Americans who have been effectively disfranchised in the last four presidential elections by a system which asks them to choose between a New Deal Democrat and a New Deal Republican. The Whig party died because it lacked the vision and moral integrity to fight the extension of human slavery. The Republican Party also will die, and it should, if those who control it temporize with the extension of programs and policies that will enslave a whole nation.

Tourist Tape

RED, THAT IS

BY PATRICK OLIVER

SOME of our Latin American friends, needy as they are for U.S. dollars, are deliberately dealing themselves out of the largest dollar jackpot — with the single exception of foreign aid — that is being divvied up annually among the foreign countries: the \$1.5 billion a year that is spent abroad by American tourists.

Tourist expenditures have become the most important single item in foreign trade, enabling foreign countries to earn sufficient dollars to balance their trade budgets with the United States. The money spent by the Yankee traveler enables Canada, Mexico, Western Europe and some of the Caribbean countries to buy the wheat, corn, cotton and machinery they need to keep their economies going. And travel expenditures are increasing faster than any other item in foreign trade.

But, curiously enough, some of the countries that are the most in need of the Yankee tourist's dollar have erected around their borders such tangles of red tape that it is most difficult, and quite unpleasant,

for the tourist to get within spending distance.

To the traveler whose interests extend a bit beyond plush hotels and swank nightclubs, one of the most interesting places in the world to visit is Central America, where the medieval past is slowly and most grudgingly making way for the industrialized present. In Guatemala one not only gets a peek behind the Iron Curtain, but also a look all the way back into the sixteenth century, when the crumbling civilization of the Mayas became fused with the feudalism of the Spaniards.

Honduras boasts one of the most picturesque capitals in the world, Tegucigalpa, one of the few anywhere which cannot be reached by rail. El Salvador is a lovely little country of mountains, deserts, jungles, lakes and volcanoes. In Nicaragua the ancient crater of Momotombo glowers over a country that bustles with agricultural and industrial activity. Costa Rica claims, and rightly so, the most beautiful women in the Western Hemisphere,

some of them pure Spanish, some pure Indian, some pure Negro, and some various mixtures of the three.

Then comes Panama and the Canal. One day you are gasping for breath in the towering mountains, the next you are gulping the humidity of steaming jungles. Most of the time though you are in the high plateaus, where the days are pleasantly warm and sunny, the nights crisp and cool.

BUT before you rush to the airline office to book your passage, chum, there are just a few formalities. First you must get your passport, which means digging up your birth certificate, getting photos, appearing before a Federal judge and filling out numerous forms and swearing to them, then waiting a few weeks for word from Washington.

After the passport, the visas. For Guatemala and Panama you need only a tourist card, which the airline can obtain for you (but you must supply the photographs and fill out the forms). But to enter El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras and Costa Rica you need visas, and you must appear in person at the nearest consulate of each of those countries to obtain them.

Before you get your Nicaraguan visa, the consulate must forward your application to Managua and obtain the approval of the Foreign Office, a matter of some three to six weeks. Then you must get vaccinated, unless you have been within the past two years, and obtain from

your doctor the necessary certificate. You must go to the police station, and get a certificate of good conduct, signed by the chief of police (the certificate will note any minor offense you have committed, even certain types of traffic violations).

If you expect to go on down to Venezuela, you also need a letter from your bank, giving some indication of your financial worth. You must also book your return ticket, or at least transportation out of each country, so that you can prove you will not be stranded there.

Then your troubles really begin. Both on entering and leaving each country, you must pass through Migracion and Aduana (you will get to know those words well if you ever make the trip — they mean Immigration and Customs). Each time it means standing in line anywhere from ten minutes to two hours. And you not only need a permit to enter the country, you need an exit visa to leave. This must be obtained, in most of the countries, by applying in person at the local Immigration office and spending about half a day. To leave Salvador and Nicaragua, you must also obtain permission from the Foreign Office, which takes another half a day. When you enter Nicaragua your passport is picked up at the airport, and you must apply in person at the Immigration office within 24 hours for its return. Another half a day.

Just to make the thing a little more exciting, the countries have

a practice of changing regulations from time to time, without notice. So at least once on your trip you can count on appearing at the airport at five or six o'clock in the morning, drowsy, unshaven, longing for a cup of hot coffee (and the coffee down there is the best in the world), and being informed in a mixture of Spanish and English: "But I am so sorry, *señor*, I cannot permit you to leave. You do not have the proper *visa salida*. You must go to Migracion and obtain one."

So you miss your plane, the only one that day. You return to your hotel and find there is no room for you. You spend a few hours finding a room. You waste the afternoon at Migracion obtaining the *salida*. Then you go to the airline office and learn that the next day's plane is all booked but that they might possibly get you out the day after.

By then, of course, if you are a reasonably wise person, you will inquire about passage to Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica or the Dominican Republic, where they have learned that in order to obtain the *Yanqui* tourist's dollars, they must first let him into the country, with some assurance that he will be able to get out of it again, when he wants to.

SINCE the end of the war, the Department of Commerce has done a commendable job in persuading the Western European countries and some of the Caribbean republics to relax their restrictions on tourist

travel. You can go all over Western Europe, to Canada, Mexico and Cuba, with nothing but a vaccination certificate and proof of U.S. citizenship.

But the Latin countries, for the most part, cling tenaciously to their sovereign right to require visas, police certificates, financial statements, permits and documents of all sorts, despite the fact that they freely acknowledge it is costing them money and trade. To some extent the restrictions are intended to curb Communist infiltration — although the lack of a legitimate visa or a passport has never prevented a Commie from moving around. To some extent the practice stems from political patronage: many a deserving henchman is paid off with a post in Migracion, Aduana or a consulate.

Primarily, however, the red tape that is strangling tourist travel in the Latin American countries, stems from their sensitive Latin pride. Any relaxation, they insist, must be reciprocal, and the worst offender of all of the countries outside the Soviet perimeter, is the United States of America. For every hour the U.S. traveler wastes obtaining permits to visit Latin America, the Latin American who wants to visit the United States must waste three.

But of course, we are not in need of the tourist dollar. In fact it has been so long since we have thought of obtaining dollars from any foreign source that the very suggestion seems a little bit startling.

**WEBER**

In The Year 1928 . . .

Remember Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and Fannie Brice in "My Man"? These were advertised as the best talking pictures on Broadway that year of 1928 when the Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was already thirty years old.

The banks were paying $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ on savings, Herbert Hoover had defeated Al Smith; Helen Wills, Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth, and Chris Cagle were big names in sports, and a December headline proclaimed that "television is prominent in predictions for 1929."

While these items occupied national interest more than two decades ago, The Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was progressing quietly along the path towards better dental equipment for better service to the profession.

Two new products were added that year — the footpump chair and the dental engine. Many of that "first run of '28" are still in service, attesting to the quality which has always been the watchword of the Weber Company.

Thirty years of research and development had produced by 1928 the first dental cuspidor (1898) and the Weber X-Ray (1925), together with these newest products, the chair and the engine.

Steadily, purposefully, effectively, we were making our way among the leaders in the dental equipment field. Today, more than fifty years of "know-how" go into every item of dental equipment produced at our large modern factory in Canton, Ohio. Weber equipment has stood the test of time.

Yes, the Weber Company is proud of its fine dental equipment and proud, too, of the role it has played in the history of progressive dentistry.

The WEBER Dental Manufacturing Company
Canton, Ohio and dealers in major cities
